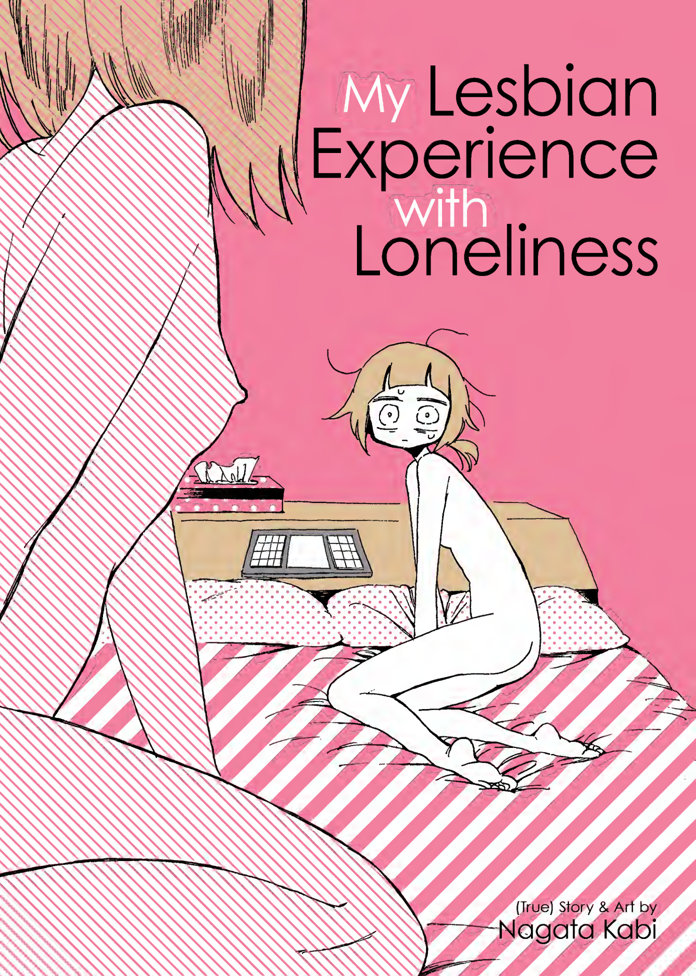
My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

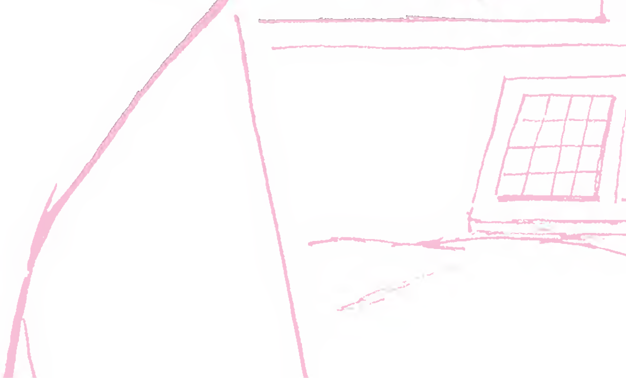


(True) Story & Art by
Nagata Kabi

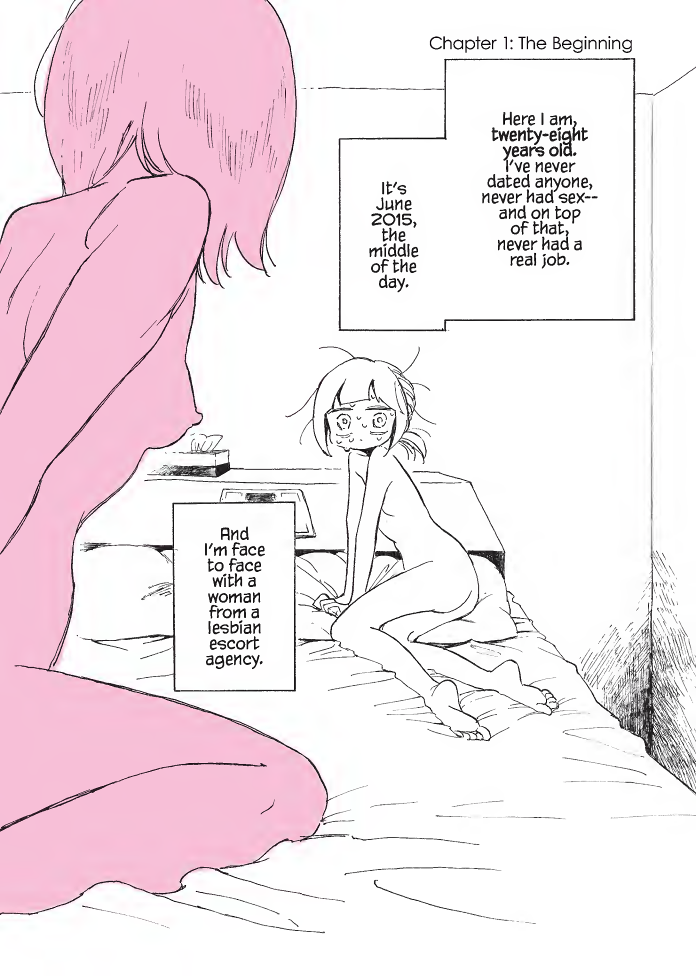
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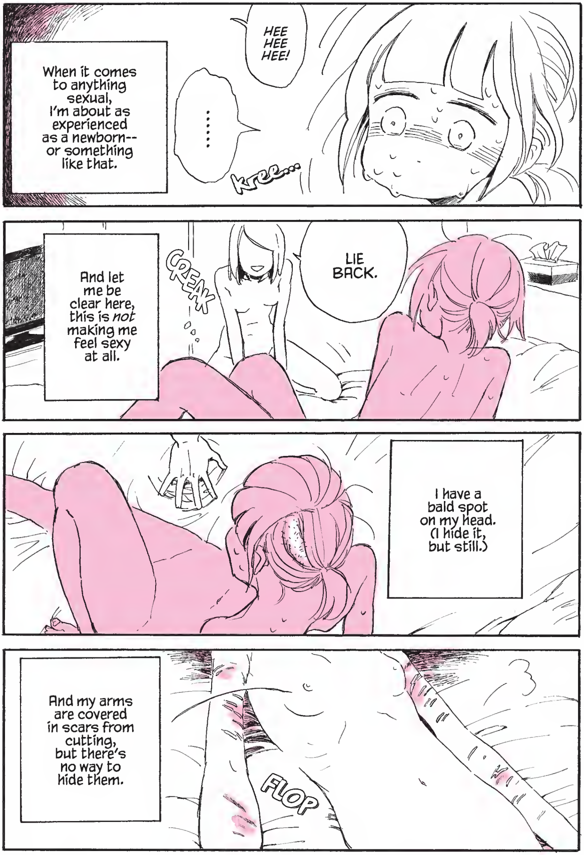
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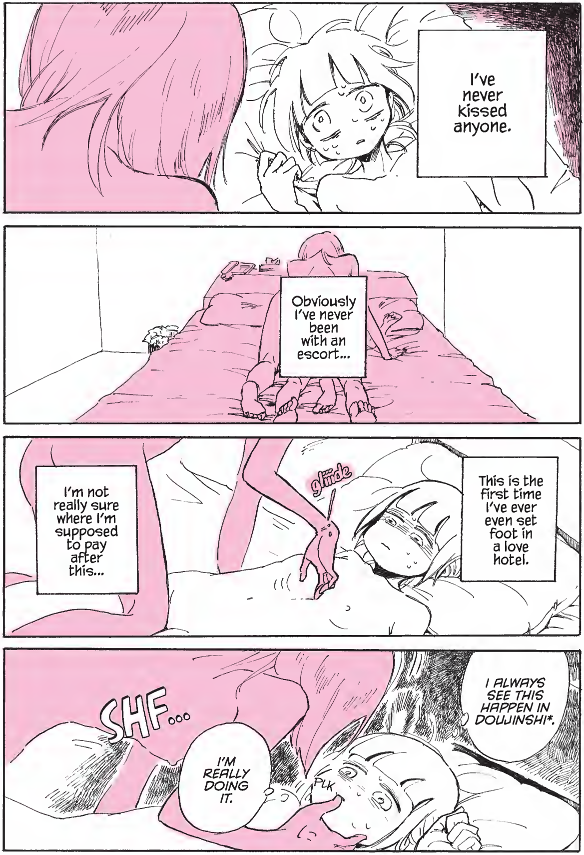




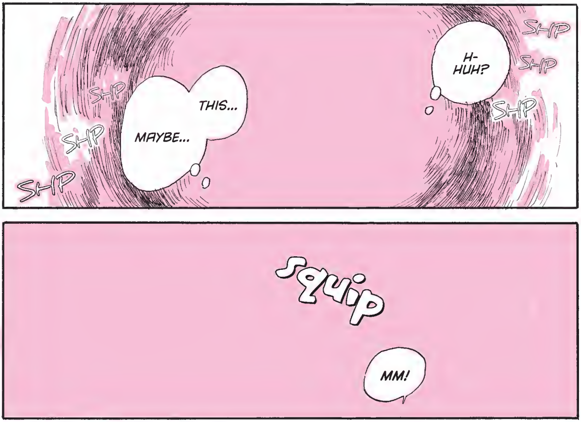
Chapter 1: The Beginning




When it comes to anything sexual, I'm about as experienced as a newborn-- or something like that.
HEE HEE HEE!
......
kree...
And let me be clear here, this is *not* making me feel sexy at all.
CREAK
LIE BACK.
I have a bald spot on my head. (I hide it, but still.)
And my arms are covered in scars from cutting, but there's no way to hide them.
FLOP



*Doujinshi are creator-owned comics and books, similar to fanzines--but generally much more professionally printed, thanks to a proliferation of cheap printing services in Japan. The word is used by English audiences almost exclusively for fancomics, often with a romantic or sexual take on an existing series.



Why did I suddenly muster up the courage to call an escort agency?

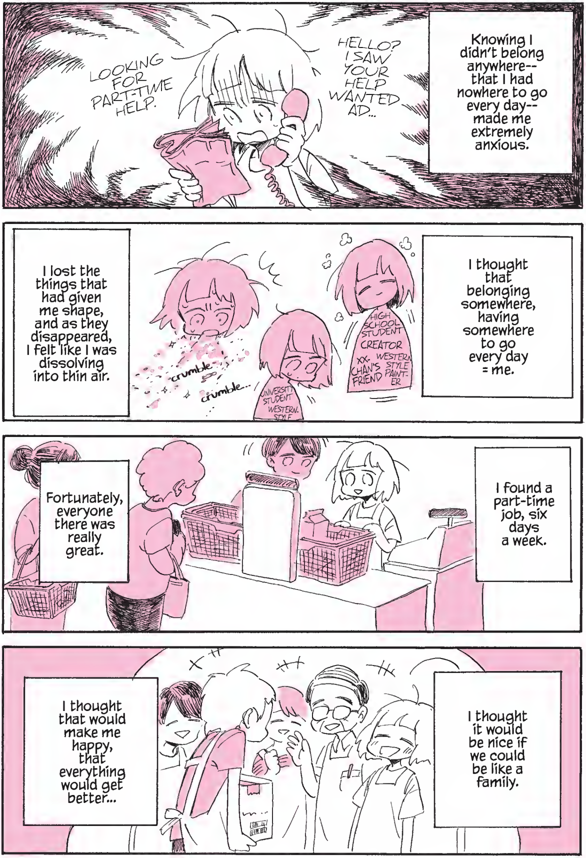
And how did it go?

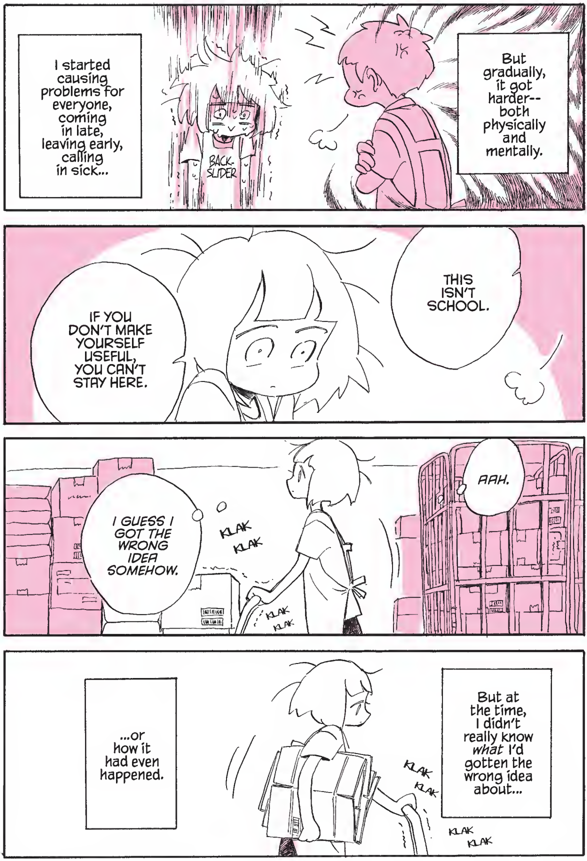
In order to live as myself...

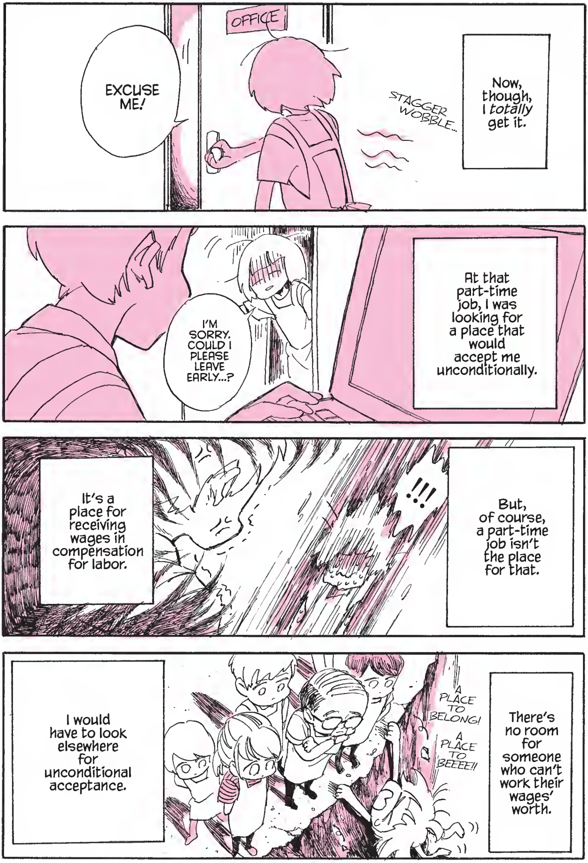
In order to be a **grown-up**, I was after some sort of "sweet nectar" that's supposed to come with adulthood.

It's a story ten years in the making.

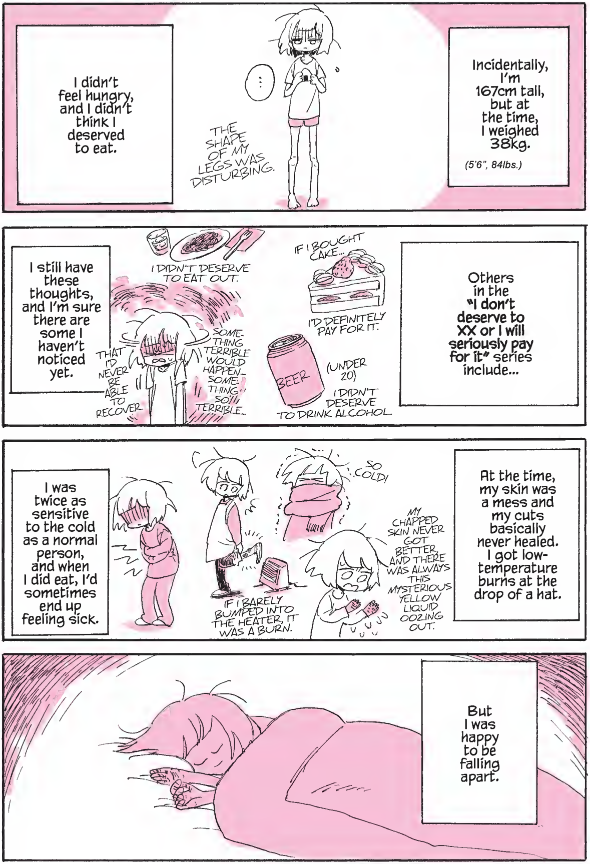

I remember when this suffering began...
...a decade ago.
I graduated from high school--and that peaceful, pleasant life.
I dropped out of university after six months.
I'M SO DONE WITH THIS.
And before I knew it...
I was depressed and had an eating disorder.

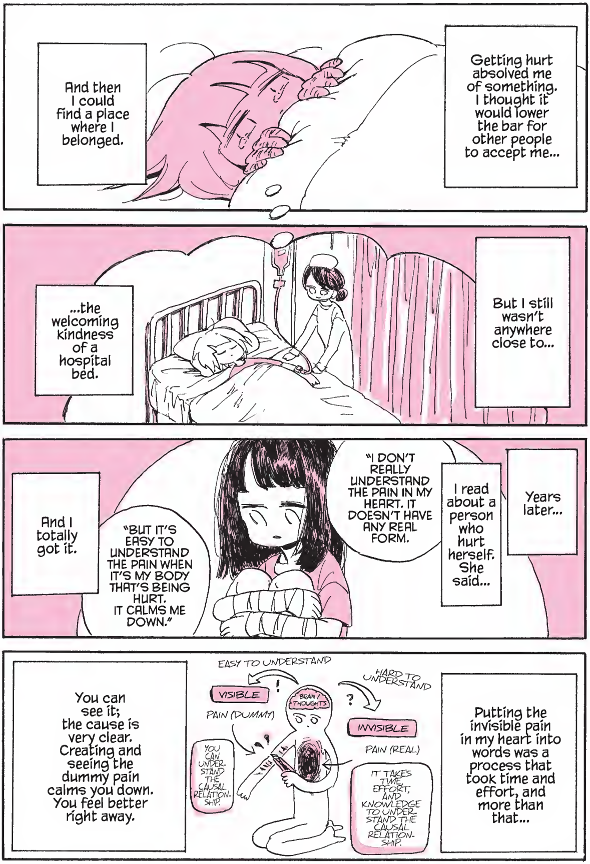

Knowing I didn't belong anywhere--that I had nowhere to go every day--made me extremely anxious.
HELLO? I SAW YOUR HELP WANTED AD...
LOOKING FOR PART-TIME HELP.
I thought that belonging somewhere, having somewhere to go every day = me.
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT
CREATOR
XX-CHAN'S FRIEND
WESTERN STYLE PAINTER
UNIVERSITY STUDENT
WESTERN-STYLE
crumble
crumble...
I lost the things that had given me shape, and as they disappeared, I felt like I was dissolving into thin air.
I found a part-time job, six days a week.
Fortunately, everyone there was really great.
I thought it would be nice if we could be like a family.
I thought that would make me happy, that everything would get better...

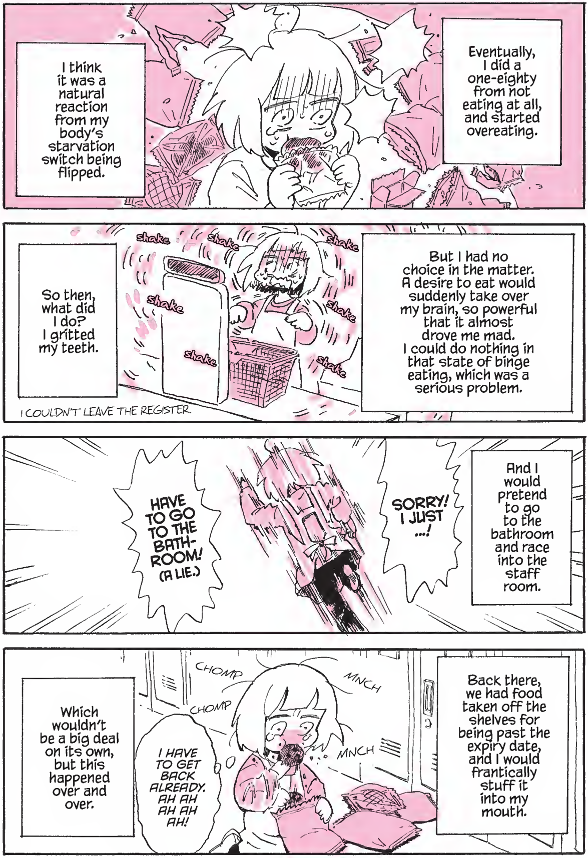

I started causing problems for everyone, coming in late, leaving early, calling in sick...
BACK-SLIDER
But gradually, it got harder-- both physically and mentally.
IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, YOU CAN'T STAY HERE.
THIS ISN'T SCHOOL.
I GUESS I GOT THE WRONG IDEA SOMEHOW.
KLAK KLAK
KLAK KLAK
AAH.
But at the time, I didn't really know *what* I'd gotten the wrong idea about...
...or how it had even happened.
KLAK KLAK
KLAK KLAK

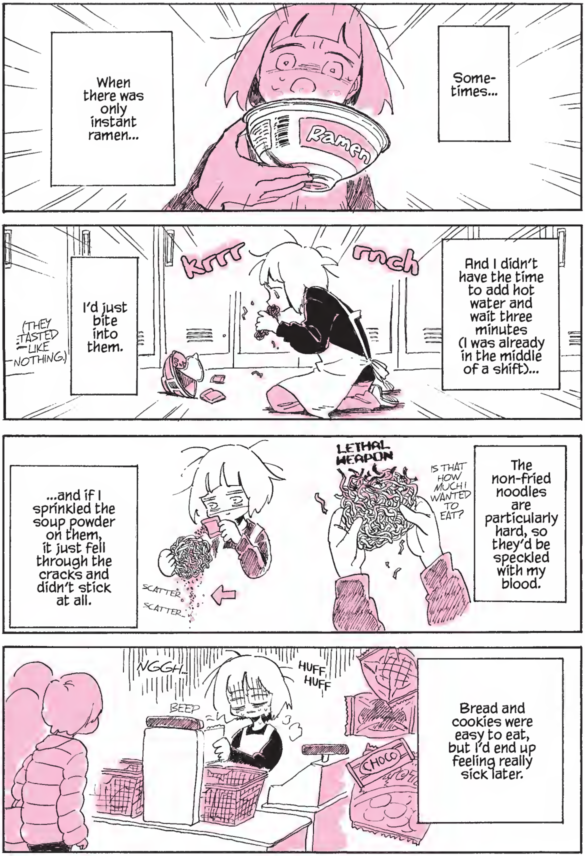


Now, though, I *totally* get it.
STAGGER WOBBLE...
EXCUSE ME!
OFFICE
At that part-time job, I was looking for a place that would accept me unconditionally.
I'M SORRY. COULD I PLEASE LEAVE EARLY...?
But, of course, a part-time job isn't the place for that.
!!!
It's a place for receiving wages in compensation for labor.
There's no room for someone who can't work their wages' worth.
A PLACE TO BELONG!
A PLACE TO BEEEE!!
I would have to look elsewhere for unconditional acceptance.

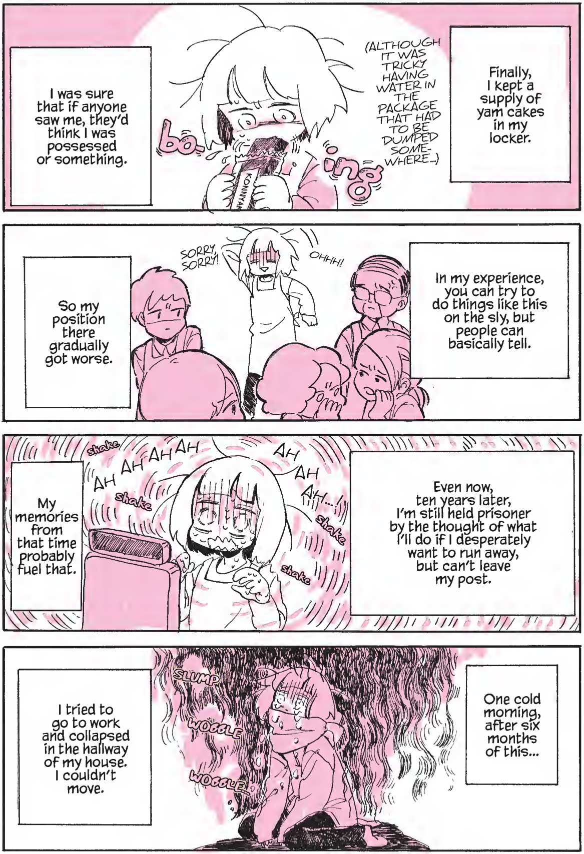

Incidentally, I'm 167cm tall, but at the time, I weighed 38kg.
(5'6", 84lbs.)
...
THE SHAPE OF MY LEGS WAS DISTURBING.
I didn't feel hungry, and I didn't think I deserved to eat.
Others in the "I don't deserve to XX or I will seriously pay for it" series include...
IF I BOUGHT CAKE...
I'D DEFINITELY PAY FOR IT.
(UNDER 20)
I DIDN'T DESERVE TO DRINK ALCOHOL.
BEER
I DIDN'T DESERVE TO EAT OUT.
SOMETHING TERRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN... SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE...
THAT I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO RECOVER.
I still have these thoughts, and I'm sure there are some I haven't noticed yet.
At the time, my skin was a mess and my cuts basically never healed. I got low-temperature burns at the drop of a hat.
SO COLD!
MY CHAPPED SKIN NEVER GOT BETTER, AND THERE WAS ALWAYS THIS MYSTERIOUS YELLOW LIQUID OOZING OUT.
IF I BARELY BUMPED INTO THE HEATER, IT WAS A BURN.
I was twice as sensitive to the cold as a normal person, and when I did eat, I'd sometimes end up feeling sick.
But I was happy to be falling apart.

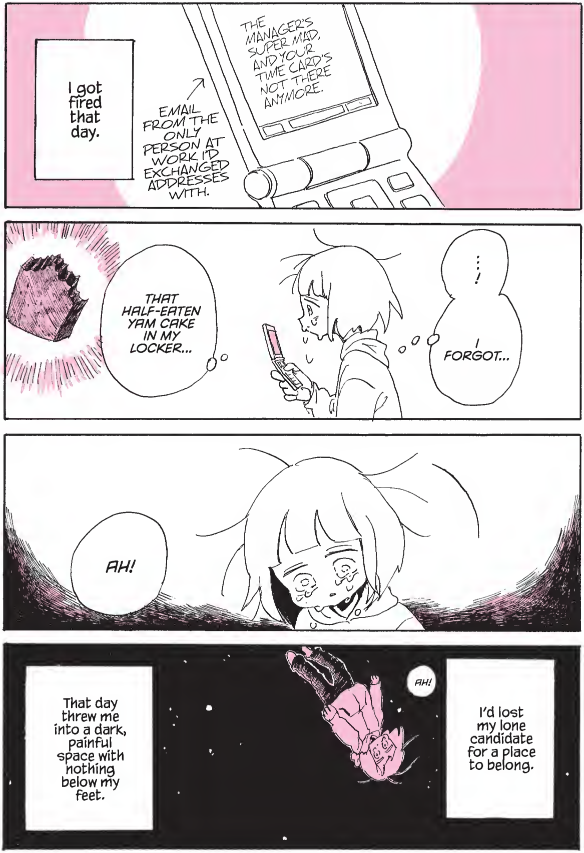

Getting hurt absolved me of something. I thought it would lower the bar for other people to accept me...
And then I could find a place where I belonged.
But I still wasn't anywhere close to...
...the welcoming kindness of a hospital bed.
Years later...
I read about a person who hurt herself. She said...
"I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND THE PAIN IN MY HEART. IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY REAL FORM.
"BUT IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND THE PAIN WHEN IT'S MY BODY THAT'S BEING HURT. IT CALMS ME DOWN."
And I totally got it.
Putting the invisible pain in my heart into words was a process that took time and effort, and more than that...
HARD TO UNDERSTAND
?
INVISIBLE
PAIN (REAL)
IT TAKES TIME, EFFORT, AND KNOWLEDGE TO UNDERSTAND THE CAUSAL RELATIONSHIP.
BRAIN / THOUGHTS
EASY TO UNDERSTAND
!
VISIBLE
PAIN (DUMMY)
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE CAUSAL RELATIONSHIP.
You can see it; the cause is very clear. Creating and seeing the dummy pain calms you down. You feel better right away.


Eventually, I did a one-eighty from not eating at all, and started overeating.
I think it was a natural reaction from my body's starvation switch being flipped.
But I had no choice in the matter. A desire to eat would suddenly take over my brain, so powerful that it almost drove me mad. I could do nothing in that state of binge eating, which was a serious problem.
shake shake shake shake shake shake shake
So then, what did I do? I gritted my teeth.
I COULDN'T LEAVE THE REGISTER.
And I would pretend to go to the bathroom and race into the staff room.
SORRY! I JUST ...!
HAVE TO GO TO THE BATH-ROOM! (A LIE.)
Back there, we had food taken off the shelves for being past the expiry date, and I would frantically stuff it into my mouth.
CHOMP
MNCH
CHOMP
MNCH
I HAVE TO GET BACK ALREADY. AH AH AH AH AH!
Which wouldn't be a big deal on its own, but this happened over and over.

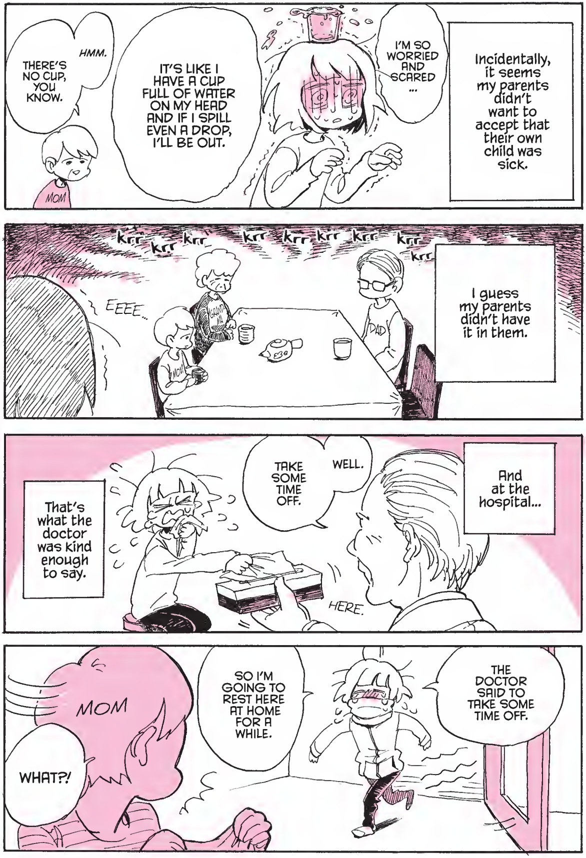


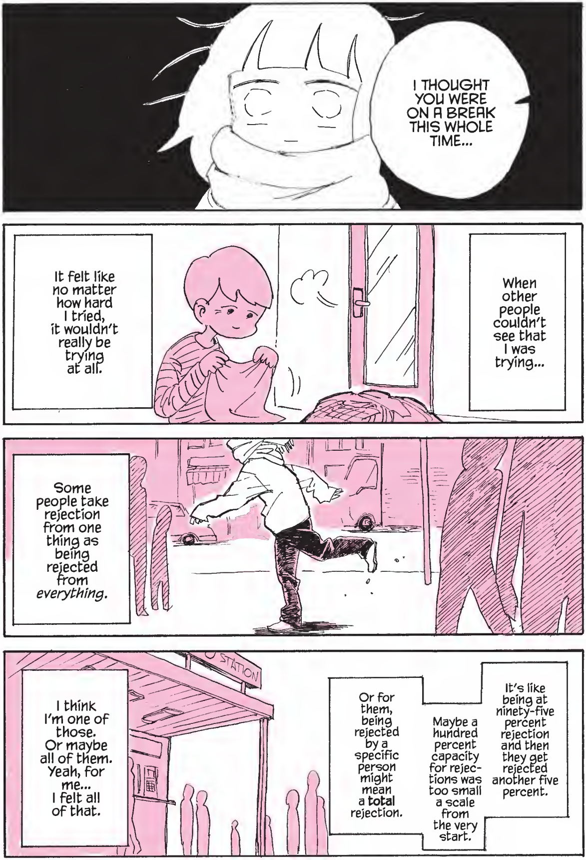
Some-times...
When there was only instant ramen...
Ramen
And I didn't have the time to add hot water and wait three minutes (I was already in the middle of a shift)...
krrr
rnch
I'd just bite into them.
(THEY TASTED LIKE NOTHING.)
The non-fried noodles are particularly hard, so they'd be speckled with my blood.
LETHAL WEAPON
IS THAT HOW MUCH I WANTED TO EAT?
...and if I sprinkled the soup powder on them, it just fell through the cracks and didn't stick at all.
SCATTER
SCATTER
Bread and cookies were easy to eat, but I'd end up feeling really sick later.
HUFF HUFF
NGGH...
BEEP
CHOCO

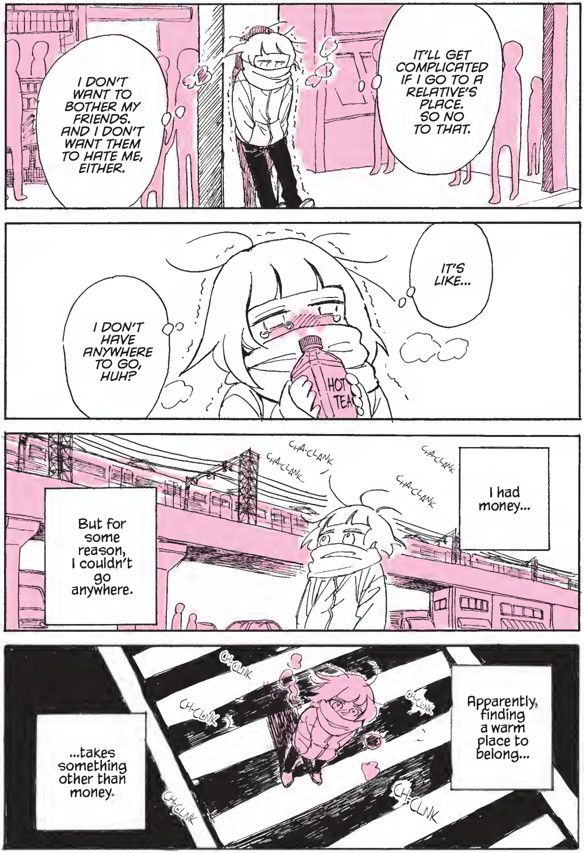

Finally, I kept a supply of yam cakes in my locker.
(ALTHOUGH IT WAS TRICKY HAVING WATER IN THE PACKAGE THAT HAD TO BE DUMPED SOMEWHERE...)
bo-ing
KONNYAKU
I was sure that if anyone saw me, they'd think I was possessed or something.
In my experience, you can try to do things like this on the sly, but people can basically tell.
OHHH!
SORRY, SORRY!
So my position there gradually got worse.
Even now, ten years later, I'm still held prisoner by the thought of what I'll do if I desperately want to run away, but can't leave my post.
AH AH AH AH AH AH AH...!
shake
shake
shake
shake
My memories from that time probably fuel that.
One cold morning, after six months of this...
SLUMP
WOBBLE
WOBBLE
I tried to go to work and collapsed in the hallway of my house. I couldn't move.

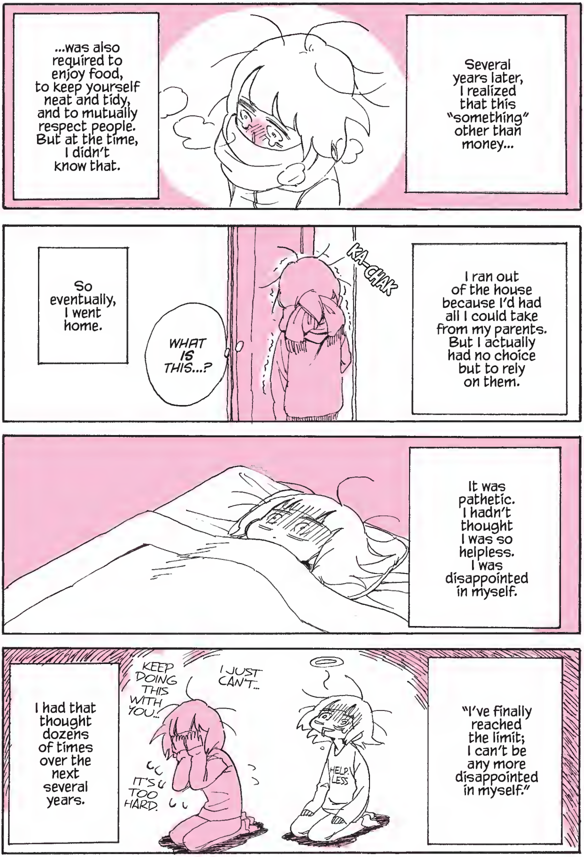


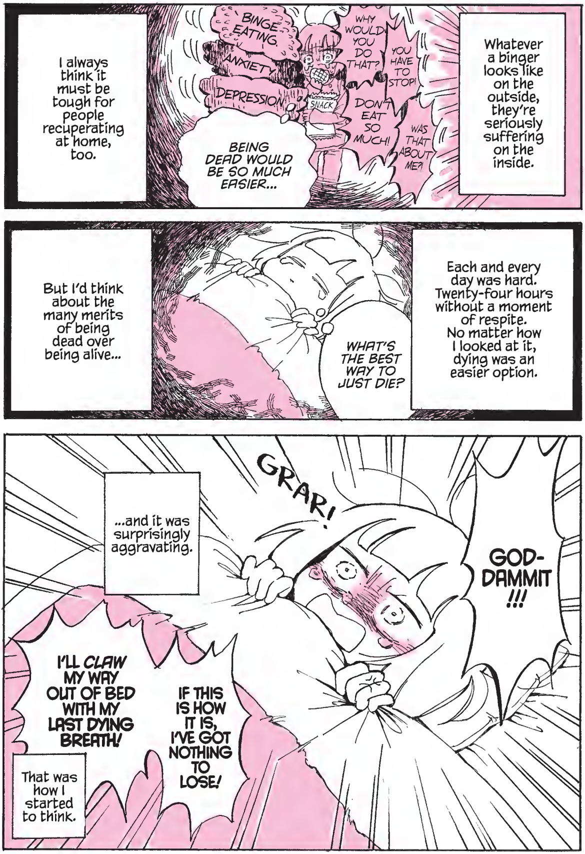
I got fired that day.
THE MANAGER'S SUPER MAD, AND YOUR TIME CARD'S NOT THERE ANYMORE.
EMAIL FROM THE ONLY PERSON AT WORK I'D EXCHANGED ADDRESSES WITH.
THAT HALF-EATEN YAM CAKE IN MY LOCKER...
...!
I FORGOT...
AH!
That day threw me into a dark, painful space with nothing below my feet.
AH!
I'd lost my lone candidate for a place to belong.


Incidentally, it seems my parents didn't want to accept that their own child was sick.
I'M SO WORRIED AND SCARED ...
IT'S LIKE I HAVE A CUP FULL OF WATER ON MY HEAD AND IF I SPILL EVEN A DROP, I'LL BE OUT.
HMM.
THERE'S NO CUP, YOU KNOW.
MOM
krr krr krr krr krr krr krr krr krr
I guess my parents didn't have it in them.
DAD
EEEE...
And at the hospital...
WELL.
TAKE SOME TIME OFF.
HERE.
That's what the doctor was kind enough to say.
THE DOCTOR SAID TO TAKE SOME TIME OFF.
SO I'M GOING TO REST HERE AT HOME FOR A WHILE.
MOM
WHAT?!


I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON A BREAK THIS WHOLE TIME...
It felt like no matter how hard I tried, it wouldn't really be trying at all.
When other people couldn't see that I was trying...
Some people take rejection from one thing as being rejected from *everything*.
STATION
I think I'm one of those. Or maybe all of them. Yeah, for me... I felt all of that.
Or for them, being rejected by a specific person might mean a **total** rejection.
Maybe a hundred percent capacity for rejections was too small a scale from the very start.
It's like being at ninety-five percent rejection and then they get rejected another five percent.

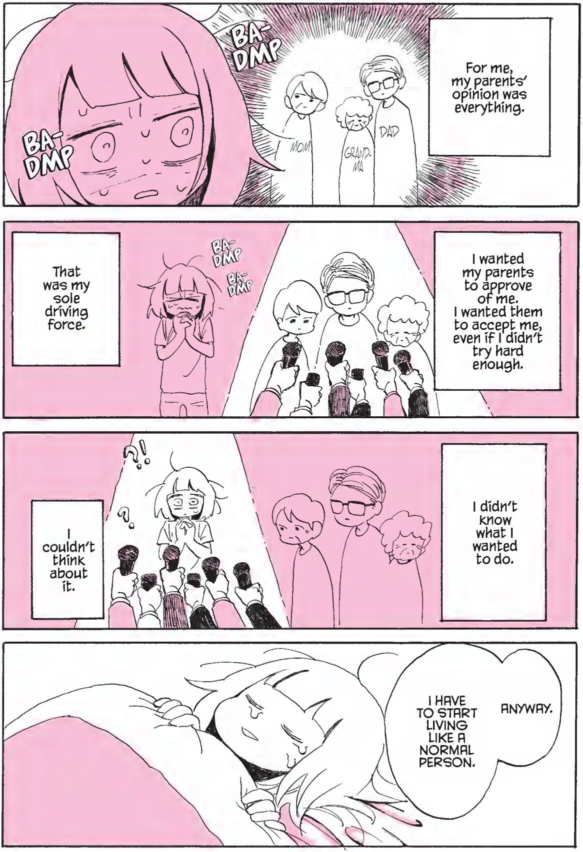

I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER MY FRIENDS. AND I DON'T WANT THEM TO HATE ME, EITHER.
IT'LL GET COMPLICATED IF I GO TO A RELATIVE'S PLACE. SO NO TO THAT.
IT'S LIKE...
I DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE TO GO, HUH?
HOT TEA
CHA-CLANK
CHA-CLANK
CHA-CLANK...
CHA-CLANK
I had money...
But for some reason, I couldn't go anywhere.
CH-CLNK
CH-CLNK
CH-CLNK
Apparently, finding a warm place to belong...
...takes something other than money.
CH-CLNK
CH-CLNK


Several years later, I realized that this "something" other than money...
...was also required to enjoy food, to keep yourself neat and tidy, and to mutually respect people. But at the time, I didn't know that.
I ran out of the house because I'd had all I could take from my parents. But I actually had no choice but to rely on them.
KA-CHAK
WHAT IS THIS...?
So eventually, I went home.
It was pathetic. I hadn't thought I was so helpless. I was disappointed in myself.
"I've finally reached the limit; I can't be any more disappointed in myself."
HELP LESS
I JUST CAN'T...
KEEP DOING THIS WITH YOU...
IT'S TOO HARD.
I had that thought dozens of times over the next several years.

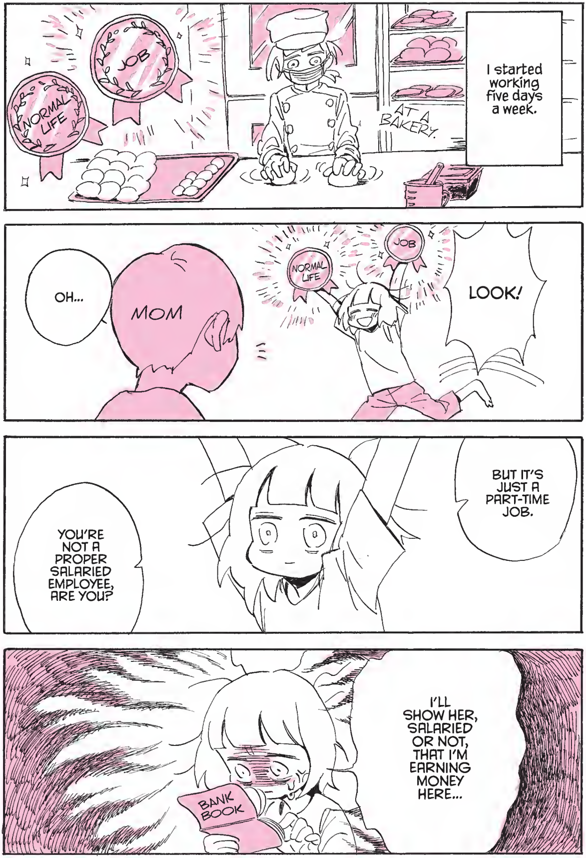


I always think it must be tough for people recuperating at home, too.
BINGE EATING.
ANXIETY
DEPRESSION
SNACK
BEING DEAD WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER...
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?
YOU HAVE TO STOP!
DON'T EAT SO MUCH!
WAS THAT ABOUT ME?!
Whatever a binger looks like on the outside, they're seriously suffering on the inside.
But I'd think about the many merits of being dead over being alive...
WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO JUST DIE?
Each and every day was hard. Twenty-four hours without a moment of respite. No matter how I looked at it, dying was an easier option.
...and it was surprisingly aggravating.
GRAR!
GOD-DAMMIT!!!
I'LL CLAW MY WAY OUT OF BED WITH MY LAST DYING BREATH!
IF THIS IS HOW IT IS, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!
That was how I started to think.

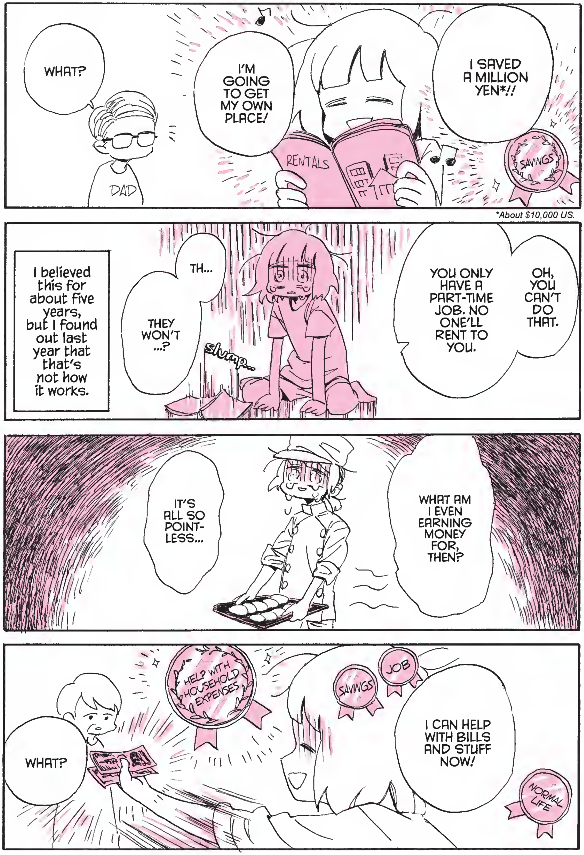
My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness


For me, my parents' opinion was everything.
BA-DMP
BA-DMP
MOM
GRAND-MA
DAD
That was my sole driving force.
BA-DMP
BA-DMP
I wanted my parents to approve of me. I wanted them to accept me, even if I didn't try hard enough.
?!
?
I couldn't think about it.
I didn't know what I wanted to do.
ANYWAY.
I HAVE TO START LIVING LIKE A NORMAL PERSON.

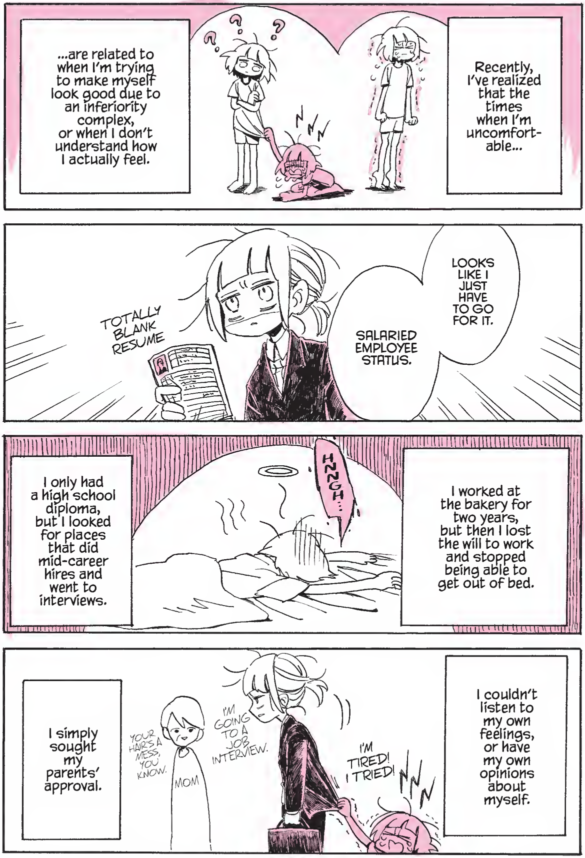

So I ate food, and the bingeing gradually stopped.
STOMACH PAIN
POTATO
CHOCO
COOKIE
COOKIE
If I got my body out of starvation mode, I could get the binge eating under control.
It was hard for me to be in the house, so I went on endless walks.
NORMAL LIFE
I... I DID IT...
IT WAS A SIMPLE THING, BUT I FELT SUCH A SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT!
I was finally living a normal life (up in the morning, in bed at night, three meals a day).
Help Wanted!
ALL RIGHT! NEXT, A JOB!

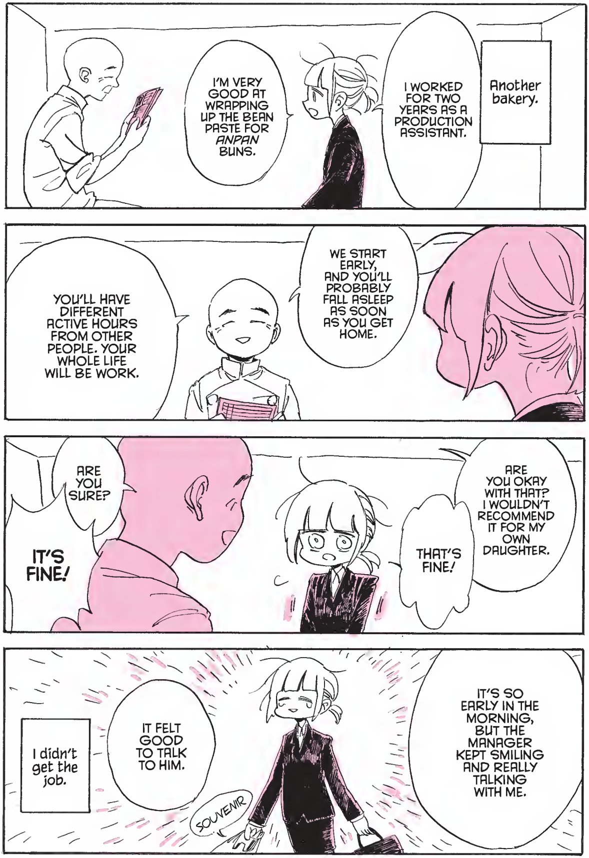


NORMAL LIFE
JOB
AT A BAKERY.
I started working five days a week.
NORMAL LIFE
JOB
LOOK!
MOM
OH...
BUT IT'S JUST A PART-TIME JOB.
YOU'RE NOT A PROPER SALARIED EMPLOYEE, ARE YOU?
I'LL SHOW HER, SALARIED OR NOT, THAT I'M EARNING MONEY HERE...
BANK BOOK

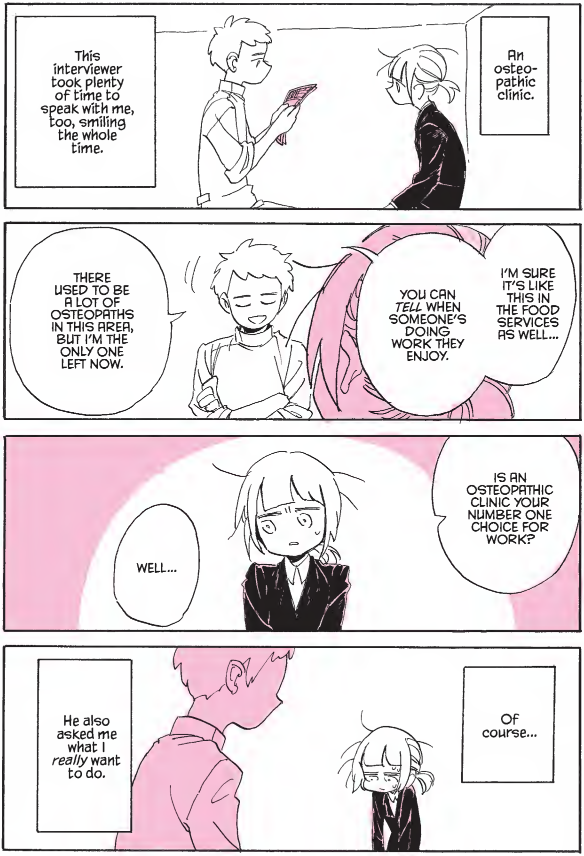

I SAVED A MILLION YEN*!!
I'M GOING TO GET MY OWN PLACE!
WHAT?
RENTALS
SAVINGS
DAD
*About $10,000 US.
OH, YOU CAN'T DO THAT.
YOU ONLY HAVE A PART-TIME JOB. NO ONE'LL RENT TO YOU.
TH...
THEY WON'T ...?
slump...
I believed this for about five years, but I found out last year that that's not how it works.
WHAT AM I EVEN EARNING MONEY FOR, THEN?
IT'S ALL SO POINTLESS...
JOB
SAVINGS
HELP WITH HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES
NORMAL LIFE
I CAN HELP WITH BILLS AND STUFF NOW!
WHAT?


OH... WE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT.
YOU CAN DO THAT ONCE YOU'RE A REAL SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
I didn't know what I wanted, or where I wanted to go.
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO USE MY MONEY FOR?
JUNK I DON'T NEED
UGH. IT'S TOO HARD BEING AT HOME, SO I'LL JUST GO TO WORK.
Whenever, wherever-- I was always uncomfortable, one way or another.
I was always flustered and in pain.

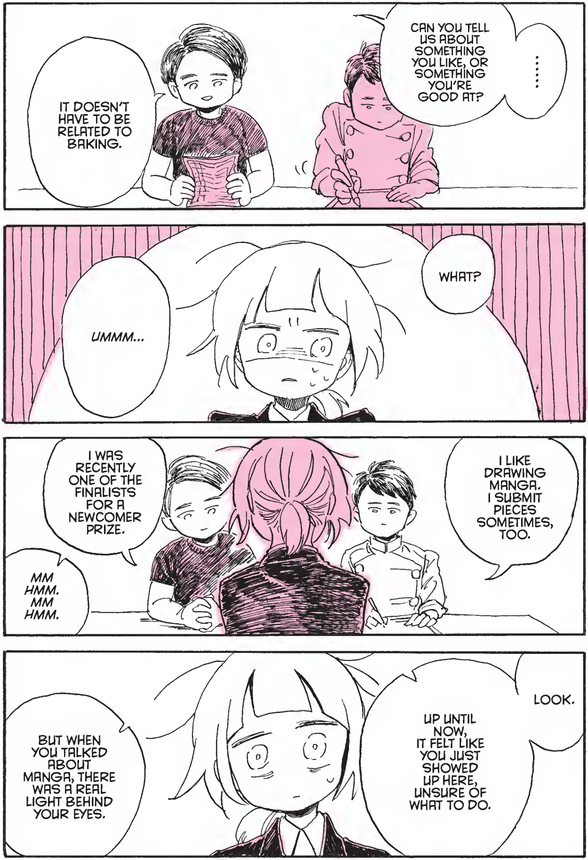

Recently, I've realized that the times when I'm uncomfort-able...
...are related to when I'm trying to make myself look good due to an inferiority complex, or when I don't understand how I actually feel.
LOOKS LIKE I JUST HAVE TO GO FOR IT.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE STATUS.
TOTALLY BLANK RESUME
I worked at the bakery for two years, but then I lost the will to work and stopped being able to get out of bed.
HNNGH...
I only had a high school diploma, but I looked for places that did mid-career hires and went to interviews.
I couldn't listen to my own feelings, or have my own opinions about myself.
I'M TIRED! I TRIED!
I'M GOING TO A JOB INTERVIEW.
YOUR HAIR'S A MESS, YOU KNOW.
MOM
I simply sought my parents' approval.

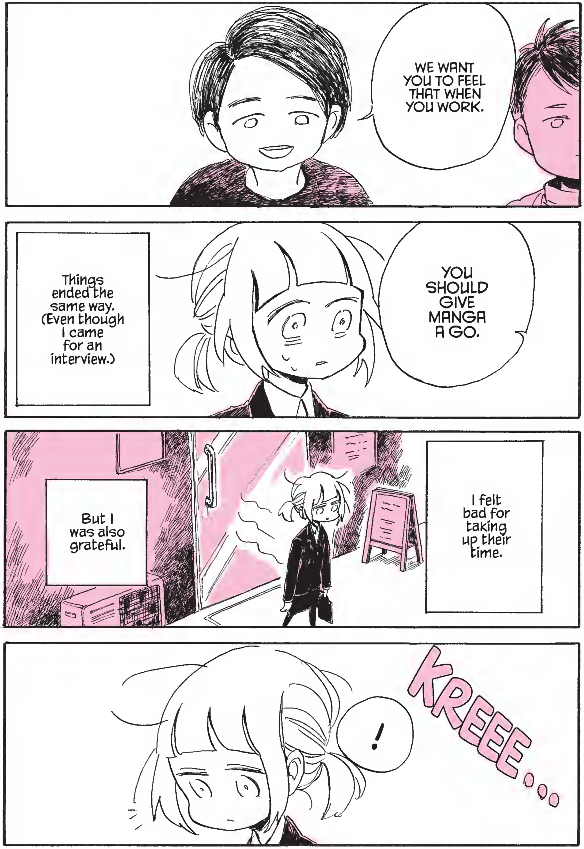


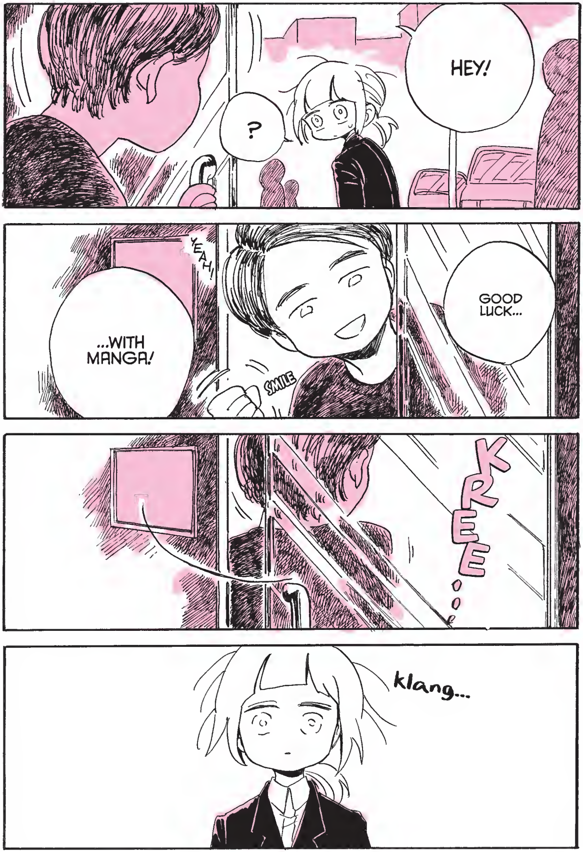
Another bakery.
I WORKED FOR TWO YEARS AS A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.
I'M VERY GOOD AT WRAPPING UP THE BEAN PASTE FOR *ANPAN* BUNS.
WE START EARLY, AND YOU'LL PROBABLY FALL ASLEEP AS SOON AS YOU GET HOME.
YOU'LL HAVE DIFFERENT ACTIVE HOURS FROM OTHER PEOPLE. YOUR WHOLE LIFE WILL BE WORK.
ARE YOU OKAY WITH THAT? I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND IT FOR MY OWN DAUGHTER.
THAT'S FINE!
ARE YOU SURE?
IT'S FINE!
IT'S SO EARLY IN THE MORNING, BUT THE MANAGER KEPT SMILING AND REALLY TALKING WITH ME.
IT FELT GOOD TO TALK TO HIM.
SOUVENIR
I didn't get the job.


This interviewer took plenty of time to speak with me, too, smiling the whole time.
An osteo-pathic clinic.
THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF OSTEOPATHS IN THIS AREA, BUT I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT NOW.
YOU CAN *TELL* WHEN SOMEONE'S DOING WORK THEY ENJOY.
I'M SURE IT'S LIKE THIS IN THE FOOD SERVICES AS WELL...
WELL...
IS AN OSTEOPATHIC CLINIC YOUR NUMBER ONE CHOICE FOR WORK?
He also asked me what I *really* want to do.
Of course...

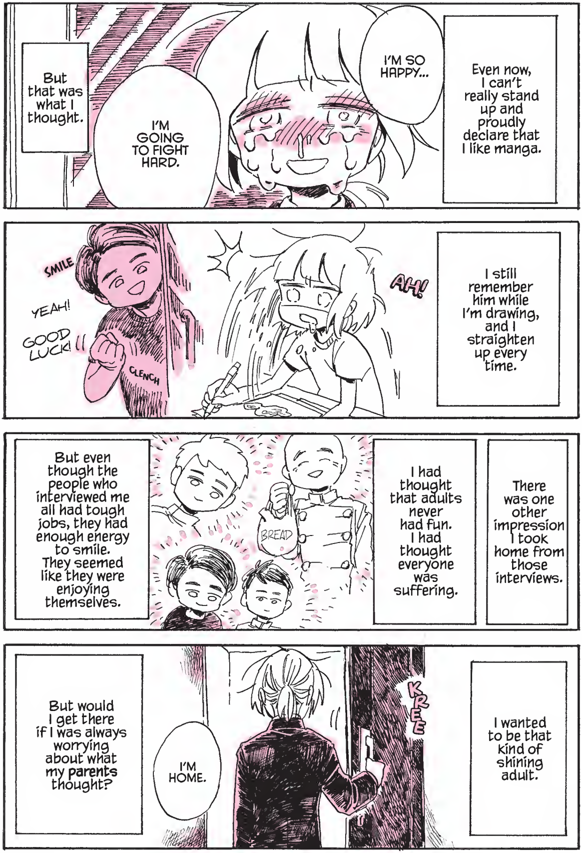

MY NUMBER ONE CHOICE FOR WORK IS PROBABLY MANGA.
And after I answered honestly...
WHAT DID I COME HERE FOR?
He was just so nice...
WAAAH!
...that I couldn't hold back my tears. I ended up bawling.
I was supposedly there for a job interview, but in the end...
MAYBE YOU COULD GIVE MANGA A TRY?
That's what he suggested before I left.
WHAT DID I EVEN COME HERE FOR?!
And then, the decisive blow.
The second bakery.


CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT SOMETHING YOU LIKE, OR SOMETHING YOU'RE GOOD AT?
......
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE RELATED TO BAKING.
WHAT?
UMMM...
I LIKE DRAWING MANGA. I SUBMIT PIECES SOMETIMES, TOO.
I WAS RECENTLY ONE OF THE FINALISTS FOR A NEWCOMER PRIZE.
MM HMM. MM HMM.
LOOK.
UP UNTIL NOW, IT FELT LIKE YOU JUST SHOWED UP HERE, UNSURE OF WHAT TO DO.
BUT WHEN YOU TALKED ABOUT MANGA, THERE WAS A REAL LIGHT BEHIND YOUR EYES.

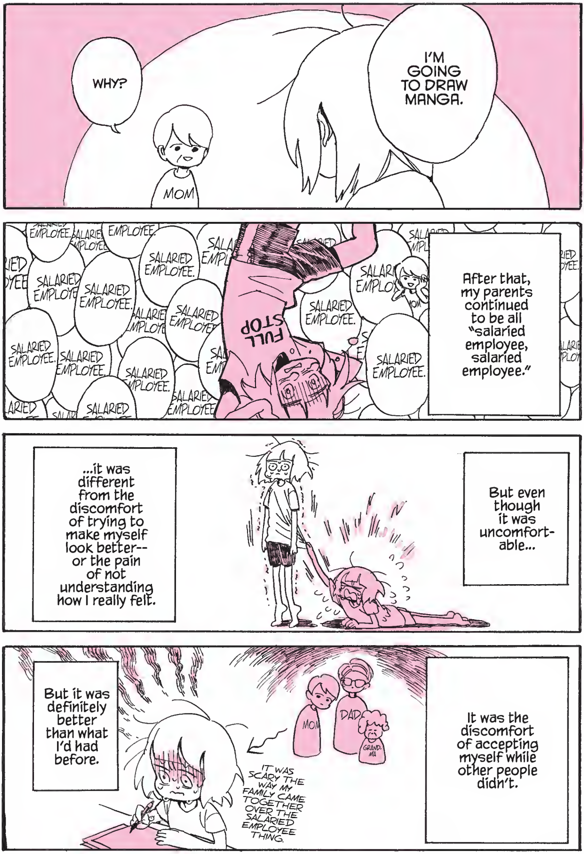

WE WANT YOU TO FEEL THAT WHEN YOU WORK.
YOU SHOULD GIVE MANGA A GO.
Things ended the same way. (Even though I came for an interview.)
I felt bad for taking up their time.
But I was also grateful.
KREEE...
!

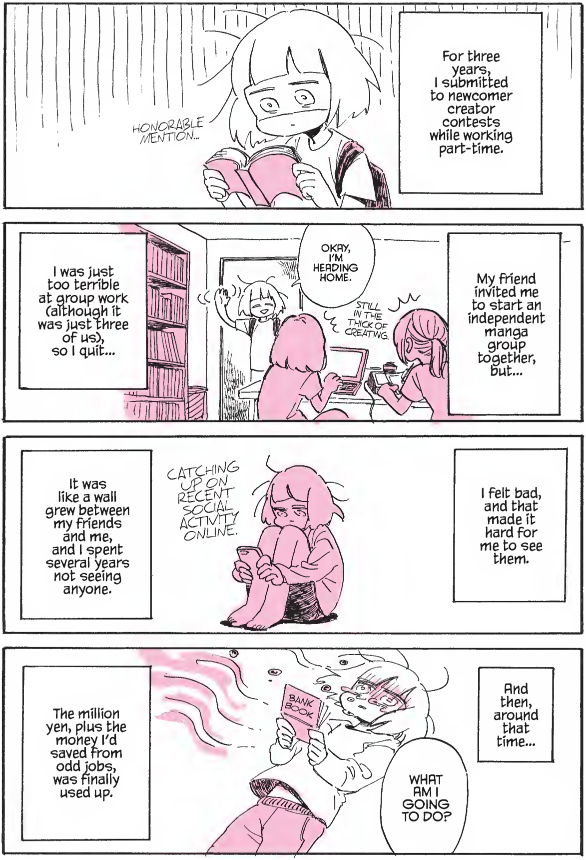

HEY!
?
GOOD LUCK...
YEAH!
...WITH MANGA!
SMILE
KREE...
klang...

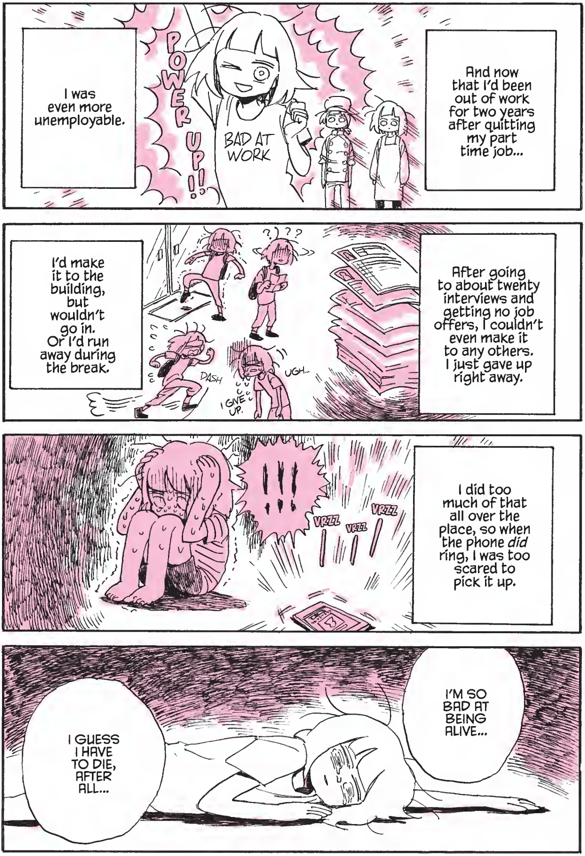

Although I'd never said *no* to drawing manga...
I'd never said *yes* to it, either.
The tone of his voice, the fist pump, the smile, even the air around him...
UNH UNH!
UNH UNH UNH!
For some reason, they reached deep into my heart.
Even though he'd only said, "Good luck with manga"...
I couldn't stop crying. Not after I got to the station, not after I got on the train.
He probably really meant it, and I was happy at that moment.
The truth didn't matter-- it just felt okay to completely believe in that.



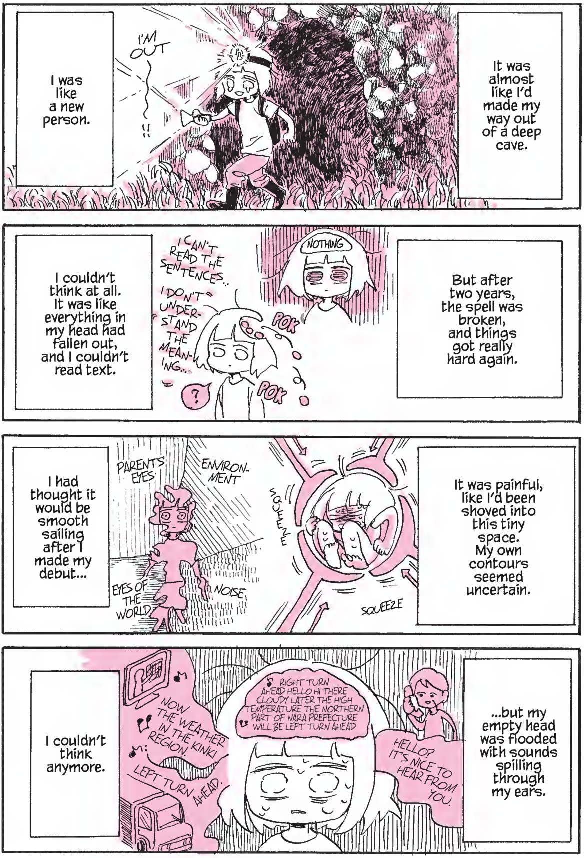
Even now, I can't really stand up and proudly declare that I like manga.
I'M SO HAPPY...
I'M GOING TO FIGHT HARD.
But that was what I thought.
I still remember him while I'm drawing, and I straighten up every time.
AH!
SMILE
YEAH!
GOOD LUCK!
CLENCH
There was one other impression I took home from those interviews.
I had thought that adults never had fun. I had thought everyone was suffering.
BREAD
But even though the people who interviewed me all had tough jobs, they had enough energy to smile. They seemed like they were enjoying themselves.
I wanted to be that kind of shining adult.
KREE
I'M HOME.
But would I get there if I was always worrying about what my **parents** thought?


I'M GOING TO DRAW MANGA.
WHY?
MOM
After that, my parents continued to be all "salaried employee, salaried employee."
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
SALARIED EMPLOYEE.
FULL STOP
But even though it was uncomfortable...
...it was different from the discomfort of trying to make myself look better--or the pain of not understanding how I really felt.
It was the discomfort of accepting myself while other people didn't.
DAD
MOM
GRAND-MA
IT WAS SCARY THE WAY MY FAMILY CAME TOGETHER OVER THE SALARIED EMPLOYEE THING.
But it was definitely better than what I'd had before.

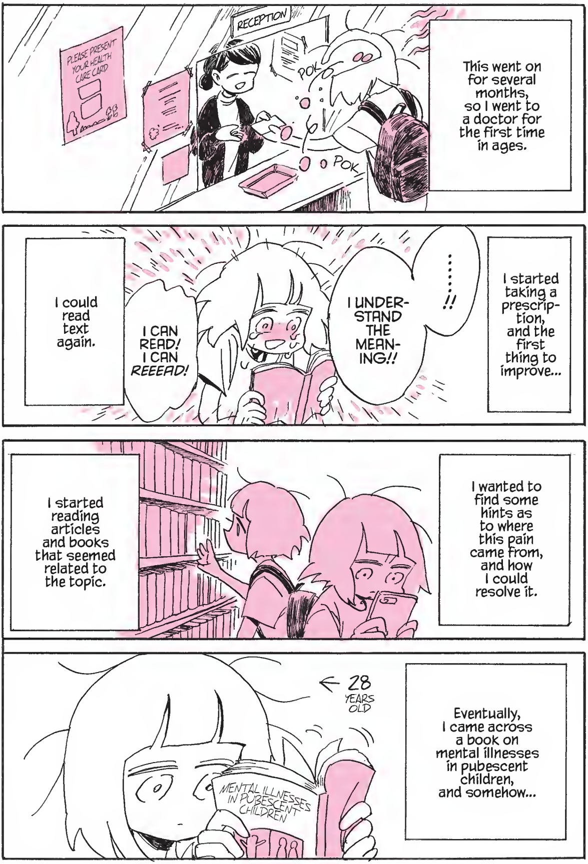

For three years, I submitted to newcomer creator contests while working part-time.
HONORABLE MENTION...
My friend invited me to start an independent manga group together, but...
OKAY, I'M HEADING HOME.
STILL IN THE THICK OF CREATING.
I was just too terrible at group work (although it was just three of us), so I quit...
I felt bad, and that made it hard for me to see them.
CATCHING UP ON RECENT SOCIAL ACTIVITY ONLINE.
It was like a wall grew between my friends and me, and I spent several years not seeing anyone.
And then, around that time...
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
BANK BOOK
The million yen, plus the money I'd saved from odd jobs, was finally used up.

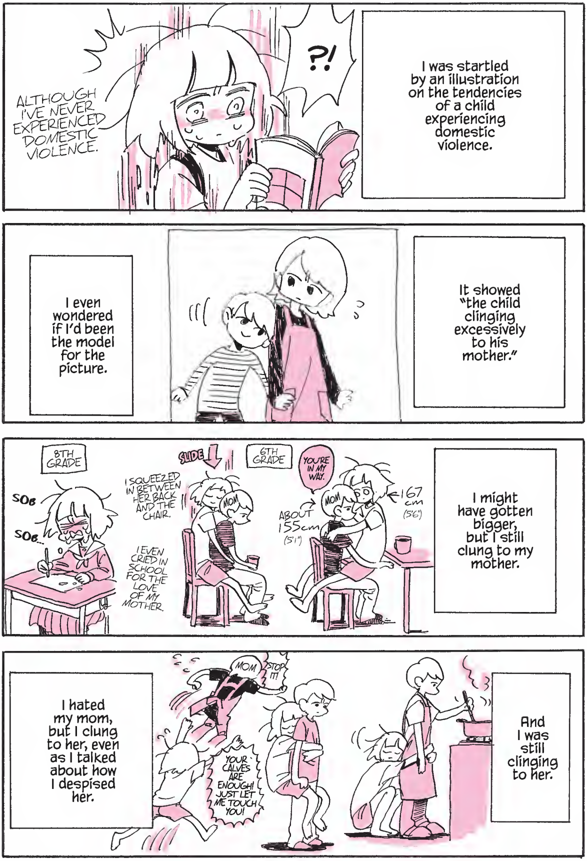

And now that I'd been out of work for two years after quitting my part time job...
I was even more unemployable.
POWER UP!!
BAD AT WORK
After going to about twenty interviews and getting no job offers, I couldn't even make it to any others. I just gave up right away.
I'd make it to the building, but wouldn't go in. Or I'd run away during the break.
DASH
I GIVE UP.
UGH...
I did too much of that all over the place, so when the phone *did* ring, I was too scared to pick it up.
VRZZ
VRZZ
VRZZ
I'M SO BAD AT BEING ALIVE...
I GUESS I HAVE TO DIE, AFTER ALL...

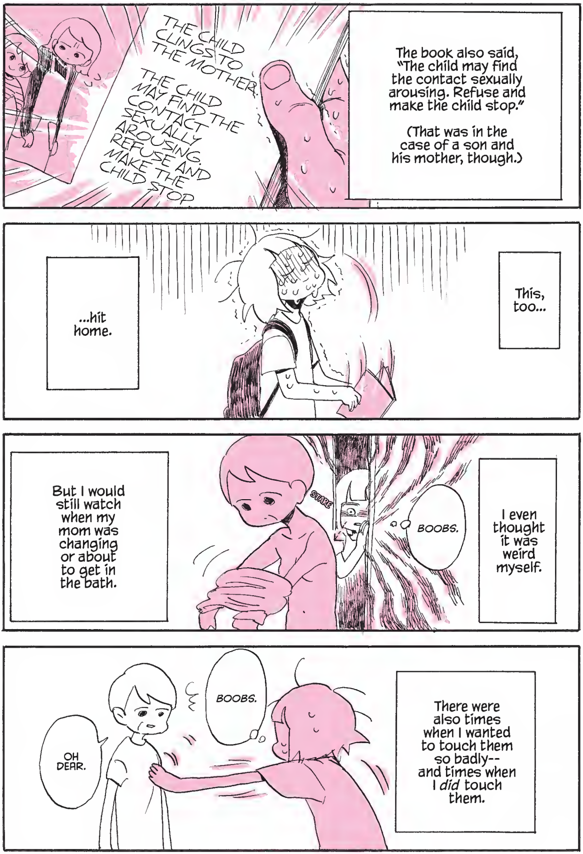

NO, THIS SITUATION IS TOO ANNOY-ING...
I WANT TO DRAW SOME MANGA AND MAKE MY DEBUT BEFORE I DIE.
Then I won a submission contest for the first time, and I was assigned an editor.
......
YES...
HELLO ...?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
GAPE
NO PRIZE MONEY, THOUGH.
Although I've said over and over that I was suffering and didn't belong anywhere, I was able to make that win because I could live at home.
WHOA!
PWAAAAAAAN
GRAND-MA
MOM
DAD
I had to be grateful to them.
PRO TAG ON IST
Eight months later, I made my debut and got completely carried away.

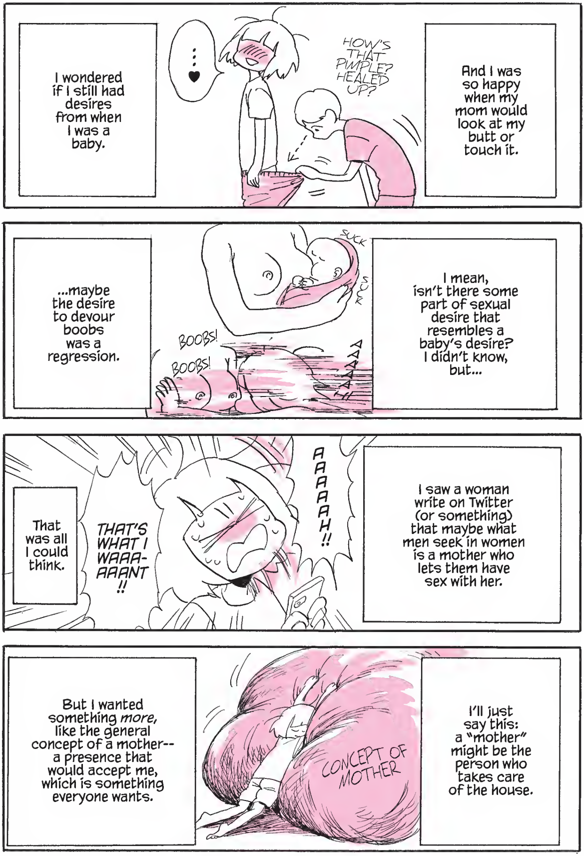


It was almost like I'd made my way out of a deep cave.
I'M OUT
!!
I was like a new person.
But after two years, the spell was broken, and things got really hard again.
NOTHING
I CAN'T READ THE SENTENCES...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MEANING...
POK
POK
?
I couldn't think at all. It was like everything in my head had fallen out, and I couldn't read text.
It was painful, like I'd been shoved into this tiny space. My own contours seemed uncertain.
SQUEEZE
SQUEEZE
ENVIRONMENT
PARENTS' EYES
NOISE
EYES OF THE WORLD
I had thought it would be smooth sailing after I made my debut...
...but my empty head was flooded with sounds spilling through my ears.
HELLO? IT'S NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU.
RIGHT TURN AHEAD HELLO HI THERE CLOUDY LATER THE HIGH TEMPERATURE THE NORTHERN PART OF NARA PREFECTURE WILL BE LEFT TURN AHEAD
NOW THE WEATHER IN THE KINKI REGION.
LEFT TURN AHEAD.
I couldn't think anymore.


This went on for several months, so I went to a doctor for the first time in ages.
RECEPTION
PLEASE PRESENT YOUR HEALTH CARE CARD
POK
POK
I started taking a prescription, and the first thing to improve...
......!!
I UNDERSTAND THE MEANING!!
I CAN READ! I CAN REEEAD!
I could read text again.
I wanted to find some hints as to where this pain came from, and how I could resolve it.
I started reading articles and books that seemed related to the topic.
Eventually, I came across a book on mental illnesses in pubescent children, and somehow...
← 28 YEARS OLD
MENTAL ILLNESSES IN PUBESCENT CHILDREN

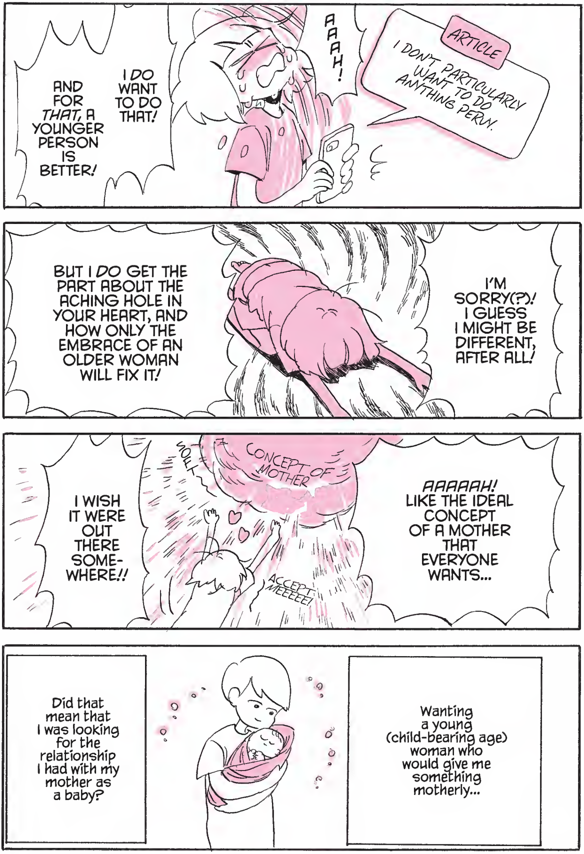

ALTHOUGH I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED DOMESTIC VIOLENCE.
?!
I was startled by an illustration on the tendencies of a child experiencing domestic violence.
It showed "the child clinging excessively to his mother."
I even wondered if I'd been the model for the picture.
I might have gotten bigger, but I still clung to my mother.
6TH GRADE
YOU'RE IN MY WAY.
167 cm (5'6")
MOM
ABOUT 155cm (5'1")
SLIDE
I SQUEEZED IN BETWEEN HER BACK AND THE CHAIR.
MOM
I EVEN CRIED IN SCHOOL FOR THE LOVE OF MY MOTHER.
8TH GRADE
SOB
SOB...
And I was still clinging to her.
MOM
STOP IT!
YOUR CALVES ARE ENOUGH! JUST LET ME TOUCH YOU!
I hated my mom, but I clung to her, even as I talked about how I despised her.

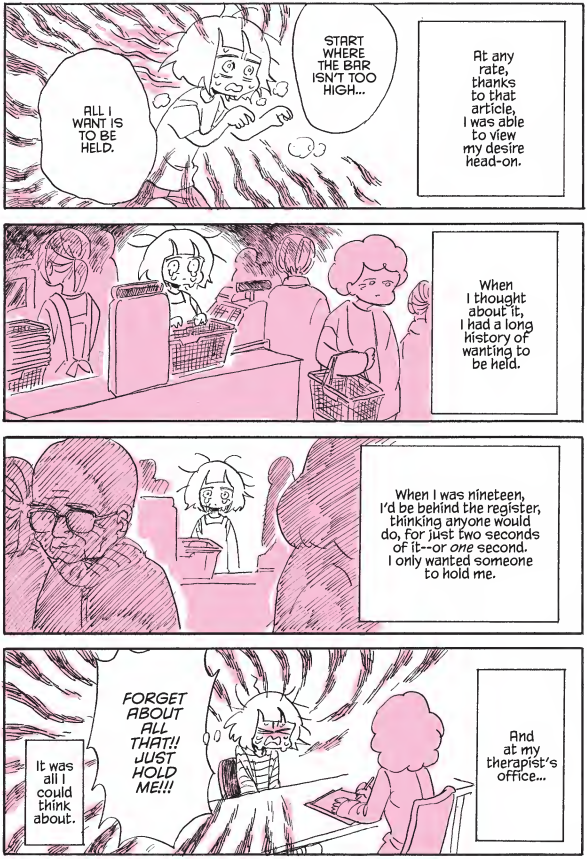

THE CHILD CLINGS TO THE MOTHER.
THE CHILD MAY FIND THE CONTACT SEXUALLY AROUSING. REFUSE AND MAKE THE CHILD STOP
The book also said, "The child may find the contact sexually arousing. Refuse and make the child stop."
(That was in the case of a son and his mother, though.)
This, too...
...hit home.
But I would still watch when my mom was changing or about to get in the bath.
STARE
BOOBS.
I even thought it was weird myself.
BOOBS.
OH DEAR.
There were also times when I wanted to touch them so badly--and times when I *did* touch them.

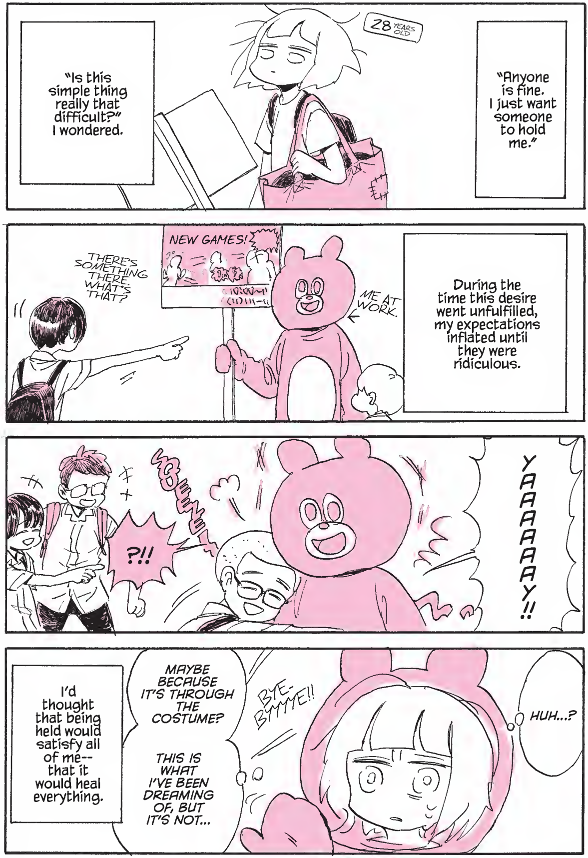


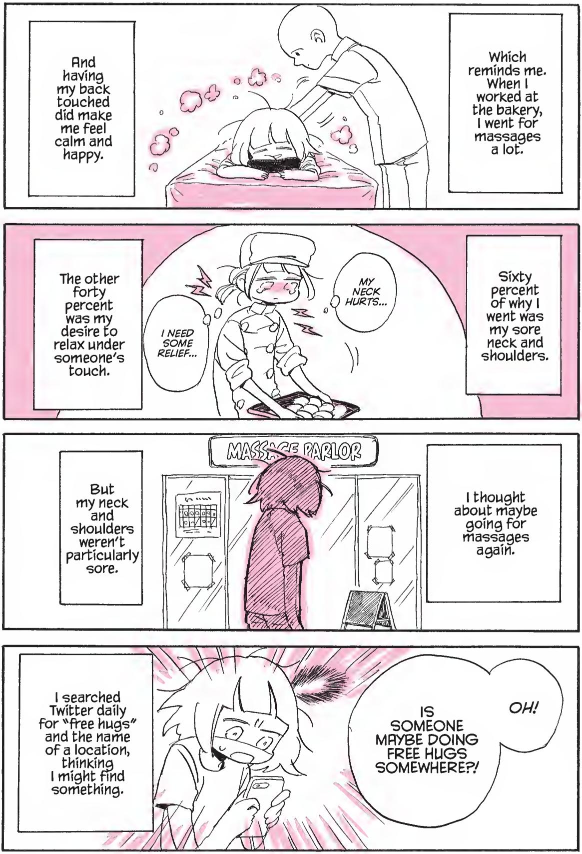
I wondered if I still had desires from when I was a baby.
...♥
HOW'S THAT PIMPLE? HEALED UP?
And I was so happy when my mom would look at my butt or touch it.
...maybe the desire to devour boobs was a regression.
SUCK
SUCK
BOOBS!
BOOBS!
AAAAAH!!
I mean, isn't there some part of sexual desire that resembles a baby's desire? I didn't know, but...
That was all I could think.
THAT'S WHAT I WAAAA-AAANT!!
AAAAAH!!
I saw a woman write on Twitter (or something) that maybe what men seek in women is a mother who lets them have sex with her.
But I wanted something *more,* like the general concept of a mother-- a presence that would accept me, which is something everyone wants.
CONCEPT OF MOTHER
I'll just say this: a "mother" might be the person who takes care of the house.

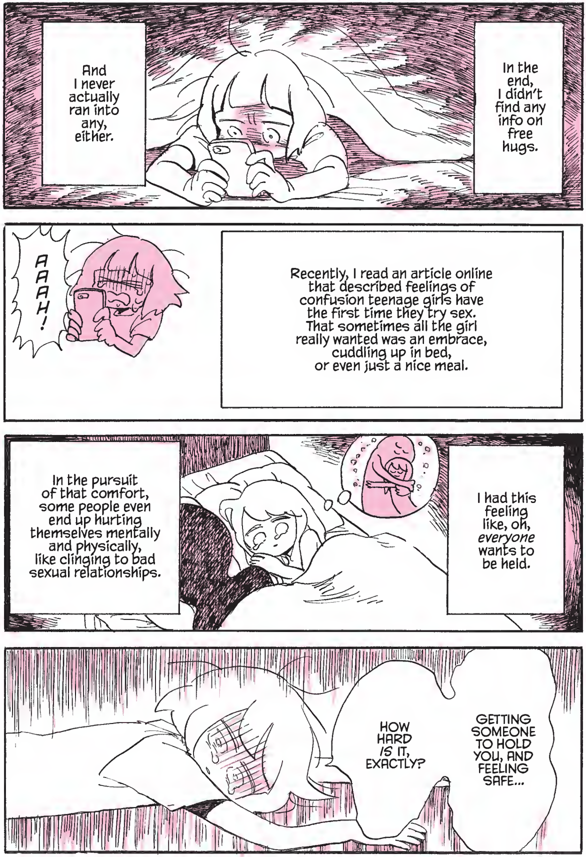

STOP THAT.
SNUGGLE SNUGGLE
I WANT TO DO THIS TO ANOTHER WOMAN BESIDES MY ACTUAL MOTHER, AND GET SOME COMFORT.
AHHH~!
BACK
SOFT SPOTS
Then I saw this article by Eiko Tabusa, "I Want to Be Held by a Plump Older Woman."
※LOVE PIECE CLUB's Mejirushi Ryohin, 2014.10.09
The contents were exactly as the title implied.
And at the end of the article, there was a note that other people out there thought the same thing...
I saw a lot of people agreeing on Twitter.
Twitter
I STILL WANT MY MOM TO HUG ME, TOO.
WAAAH!
I GET IT! I TOTALLY GET IT!
I WANT MY GRANDMA TO HUG ME REALLY TIGHTLY.

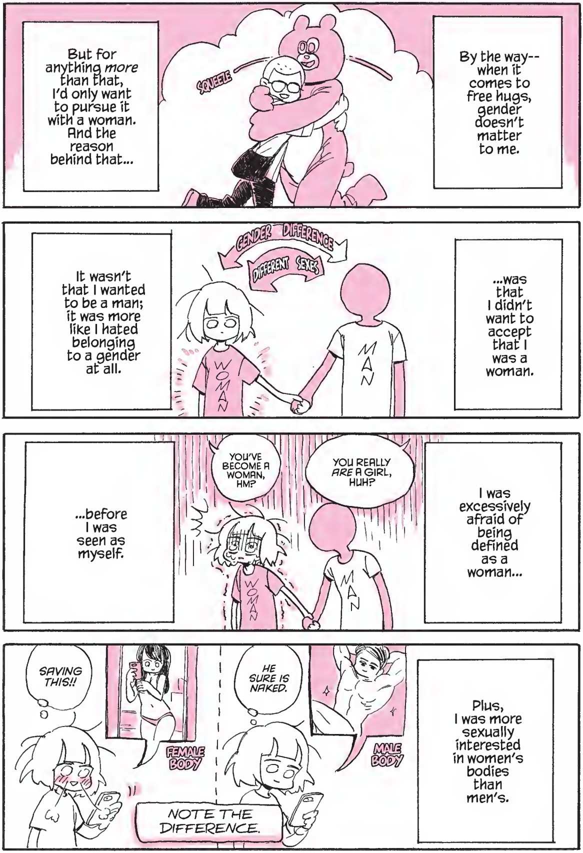

AND FOR THAT, A YOUNGER PERSON IS BETTER!
I DO WANT TO DO THAT!
AAAH!
ARTICLE
I DON'T PARTICULARLY WANT TO DO ANYTHING PERVY.
BUT I DO GET THE PART ABOUT THE ACHING HOLE IN YOUR HEART, AND HOW ONLY THE EMBRACE OF AN OLDER WOMAN WILL FIX IT!
I'M SORRY(?)! I GUESS I MIGHT BE DIFFERENT, AFTER ALL!
I WISH IT WERE OUT THERE SOME-WHERE!!
SOFT
CONCEPT OF MOTHER
ACCEPT MEEEEE!
AAAAAH! LIKE THE IDEAL CONCEPT OF A MOTHER THAT EVERYONE WANTS...
Did that mean that I was looking for the relationship I had with my mother as a baby?
Wanting a young (child-bearing age) woman who would give me something motherly...


At any rate, thanks to that article, I was able to view my desire head-on.
START WHERE THE BAR ISN'T TOO HIGH...
ALL I WANT IS TO BE HELD.
When I thought about it, I had a long history of wanting to be held.
When I was nineteen, I'd be behind the register, thinking anyone would do, for just two seconds of it--or *one* second. I only wanted someone to hold me.
And at my therapist's office...
FORGET ABOUT ALL THAT!! JUST HOLD ME!!!
It was all I could think about.

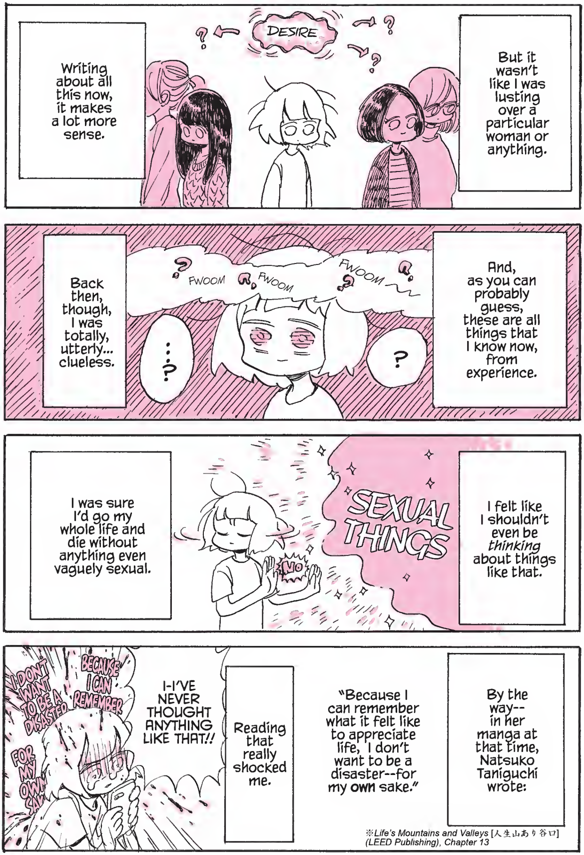

28 YEARS OLD
"Is this simple thing really that difficult?" I wondered.
"Anyone is fine. I just want someone to hold me."
NEW GAMES!
THERE'S SOMETHING THERE. WHAT'S THAT?
ME AT WORK.
During the time this desire went unfulfilled, my expectations inflated until they were ridiculous.
?!!
YAAAAAAAY!!
I'd thought that being held would satisfy all of me--that it would heal everything.
MAYBE BECAUSE IT'S THROUGH THE COSTUME?
THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF, BUT IT'S NOT...
BYE-BYYYE!!
HUH...?

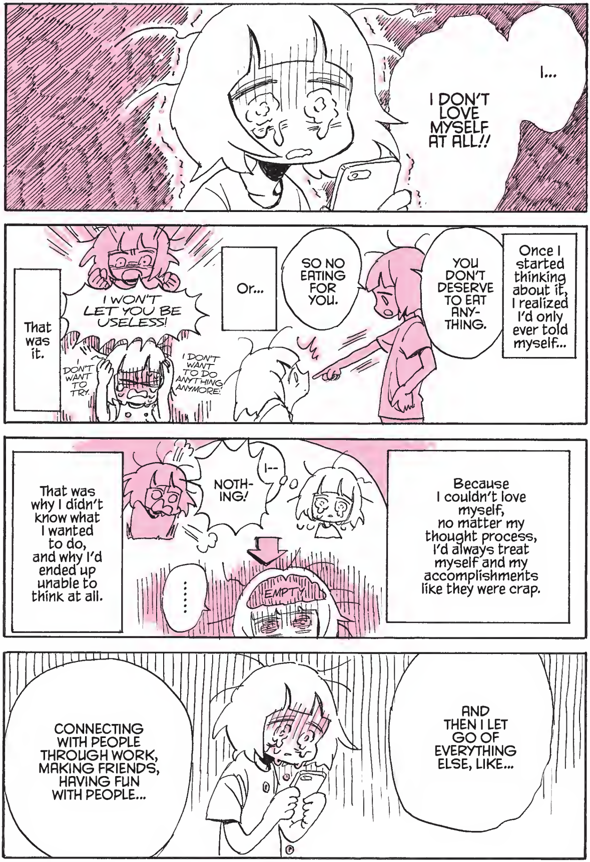

Which reminds me. When I worked at the bakery, I went for massages a lot.
And having my back touched did make me feel calm and happy.
Sixty percent of why I went was my sore neck and shoulders.
MY NECK HURTS...
I NEED SOME RELIEF...
The other forty percent was my desire to relax under someone's touch.
I thought about maybe going for massages again.
PARLOR
But my neck and shoulders weren't particularly sore.
OH!
IS SOMEONE MAYBE DOING FREE HUGS SOMEWHERE?!
I searched Twitter daily for "free hugs" and the name of a location, thinking I might find something.


In the end, I didn't find any info on free hugs.
And I never actually ran into any, either.
Recently, I read an article online that described feelings of confusion teenage girls have the first time they try sex. That sometimes all the girl really wanted was an embrace, cuddling up in bed, or even just a nice meal.
AAAH!
I had this feeling like, oh, *everyone* wants to be held.
In the pursuit of that comfort, some people even end up hurting themselves mentally and physically, like clinging to bad sexual relationships.
GETTING SOMEONE TO HOLD YOU, AND FEELING SAFE...
HOW HARD *IS* IT, EXACTLY?

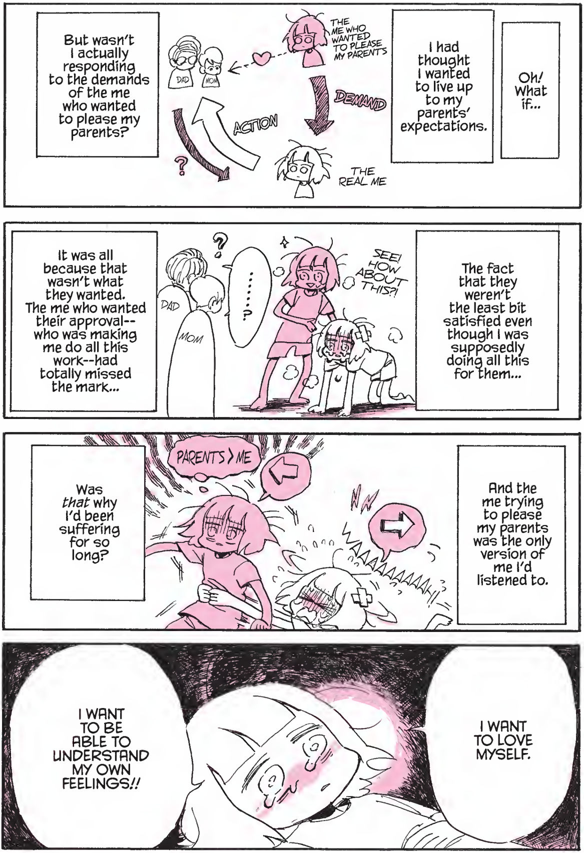


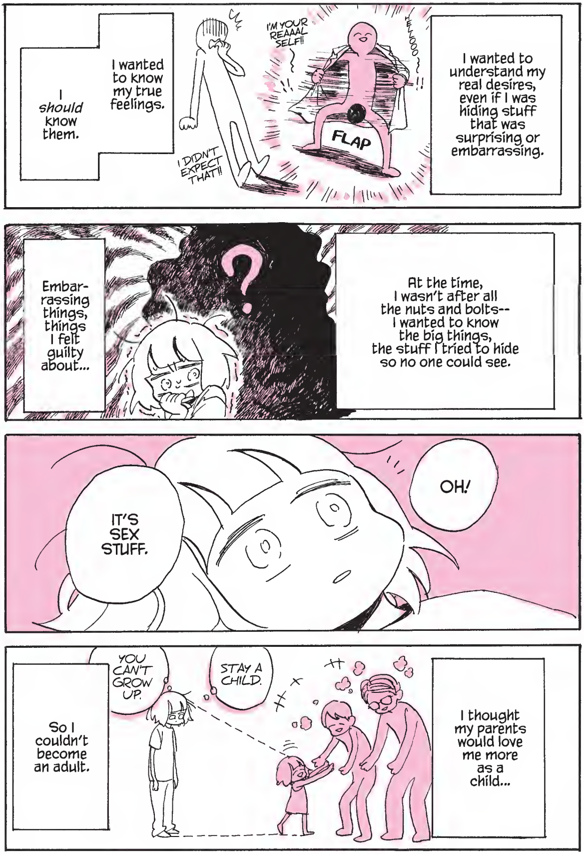
By the way-- when it comes to free hugs, gender doesn't matter to me.
SQUEEZE
But for anything *more* than that, I'd only want to pursue it with a woman. And the reason behind that...
...was that I didn't want to accept that I was a woman.
GENDER DIFFERENCE
DIFFERENT SEXES
MAN
WOMAN
It wasn't that I wanted to be a man; it was more like I hated belonging to a gender at all.
I was excessively afraid of being defined as a woman...
YOU REALLY *ARE* A GIRL, HUH?
YOU'VE BECOME A WOMAN, HM?
MAN
WOMAN
...before I was seen as myself.
Plus, I was more sexually interested in women's bodies than men's.
MALE BODY
HE SURE IS NAKED.
FEMALE BODY
SAVING THIS!!
NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.


But it wasn't like I was lusting over a particular woman or anything.
DESIRE
Writing about all this now, it makes a lot more sense.
And, as you can probably guess, these are all things that I know now, from experience.
FWOOM FWOOM FWOOM
?
...?
Back then, though, I was totally, utterly... clueless.
I felt like I shouldn't even be *thinking* about things like that.
SEXUAL THINGS
NO
I was sure I'd go my whole life and die without anything even vaguely sexual.
By the way-- in her manga at that time, Natsuko Taniguchi wrote:
"Because I can remember what it felt like to appreciate life, I don't want to be a disaster--for my **own** sake."
Reading that really shocked me.
I-I'VE NEVER THOUGHT ANYTHING LIKE THAT!!
BECAUSE I CAN REMEMBER
I DON'T WANT TO BE A DISASTER
※*Life's Mountains and Valleys* [人生山あり谷口] *(LEED Publishing), Chapter 13*



I...
I DON'T LOVE MYSELF AT ALL!!
Once I started thinking about it, I realized I'd only ever told myself...
YOU DON'T DESERVE TO EAT ANY-THING.
SO NO EATING FOR YOU.
Or...
I WON'T LET YOU BE USELESS!
I DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING ANYMORE!
I DON'T WANT TO TRY.
That was it.
Because I couldn't love myself, no matter my thought process, I'd always treat myself and my accomplishments like they were crap.
I--
NOTH-ING!
......
EMPTY
That was why I didn't know what I wanted to do, and why I'd ended up unable to think at all.
AND THEN I LET GO OF EVERYTHING ELSE, LIKE...
CONNECTING WITH PEOPLE THROUGH WORK, MAKING FRIENDS, HAVING FUN WITH PEOPLE...


Oh! What if...
I had thought I wanted to live up to my parents' expectations.
THE ME WHO WANTED TO PLEASE MY PARENTS
DAD
MOM
DEMAND
THE REAL ME
ACTION
?
But wasn't I actually responding to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents?
The fact that they weren't the least bit satisfied even though I was supposedly doing all this for them...
SEE! HOW ABOUT THIS?!
......?
DAD
MOM
It was all because that wasn't what they wanted. The me who wanted their approval--who was making me do all this work--had totally missed the mark...
And the me trying to please my parents was the only version of me I'd listened to.
WAAAAAAAAAAH!!
PARENTS > ME
Was *that* why I'd been suffering for so long?
I WANT TO LOVE MYSELF.
I WANT TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND MY OWN FEELINGS!!

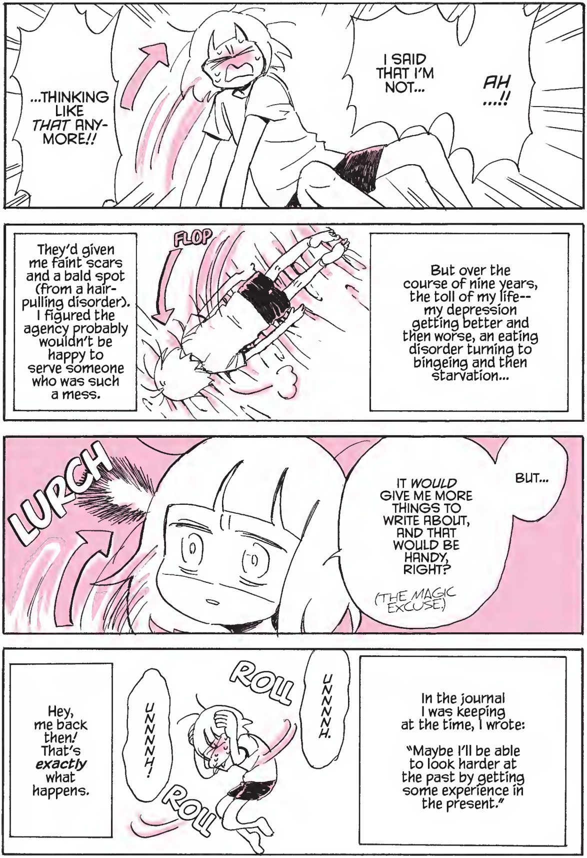

I wanted to know my true feelings.
I *should* know them.
I'M YOUR REAAAL SELF!!
HELLOOO~!!
FLAP
I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT!!
I wanted to understand my real desires, even if I was hiding stuff that was surprising or embarrassing.
Embar-rassing things, things I felt guilty about...
At the time, I wasn't after all the nuts and bolts-- I wanted to know the big things, the stuff I tried to hide so no one could see.
OH!
IT'S SEX STUFF.
So I couldn't become an adult.
YOU CAN'T GROW UP.
STAY A CHILD.
I thought my parents would love me more as a child...



Maybe it was *this.*
DON'T GROW UP. STAY A KID.
SQUISH
SQUISH
WAAAAAAH!
NOOOO!
The pain of being pushed into a tiny place...
I was already grown up, so it should have been fine for me to be interested in sex-- or even to be having it.
But I felt like even just *thinking* about it was totally forbidden.
JUST *THINKING* IT MUST BE OKAY, RIGHT?!
I DON'T WANT TO SUFFER ANYMORE!
I WANT TO LEARN TO UNDERSTAND MY OWN FEELINGS!
I'M GOING TO SLEEP!!
I CAN'T SLEEP...!!



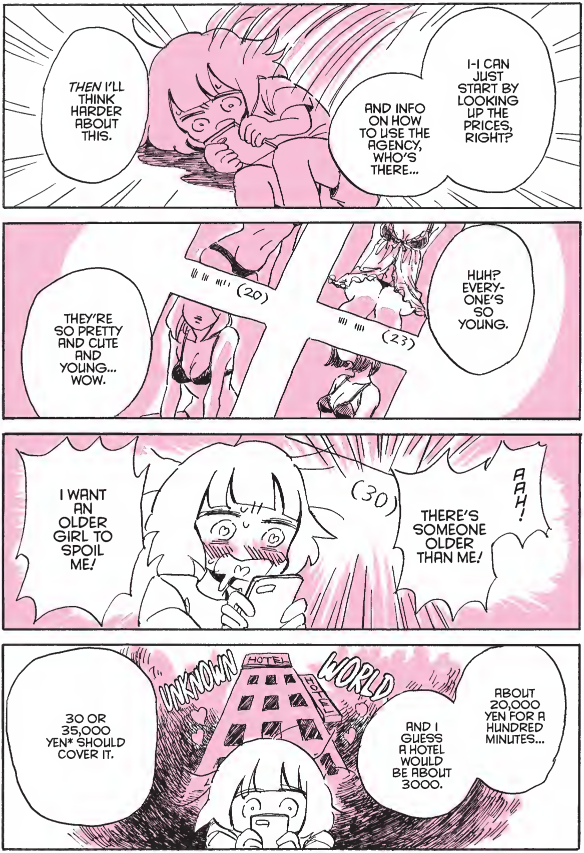
LESBIAN ESCORT AGENCY
I'M DONE THINKING-- I'LL JUST LOOK IT UP!
THERE'S ONE SUPER CLOSE BY...?!
JOLT
WHAT ?!
FLOP
WHO AM I KIDDING ...?
MY PARENTS WOULD ***NEVER*** BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH THEIR OWN DAUGHTER HIRING A--



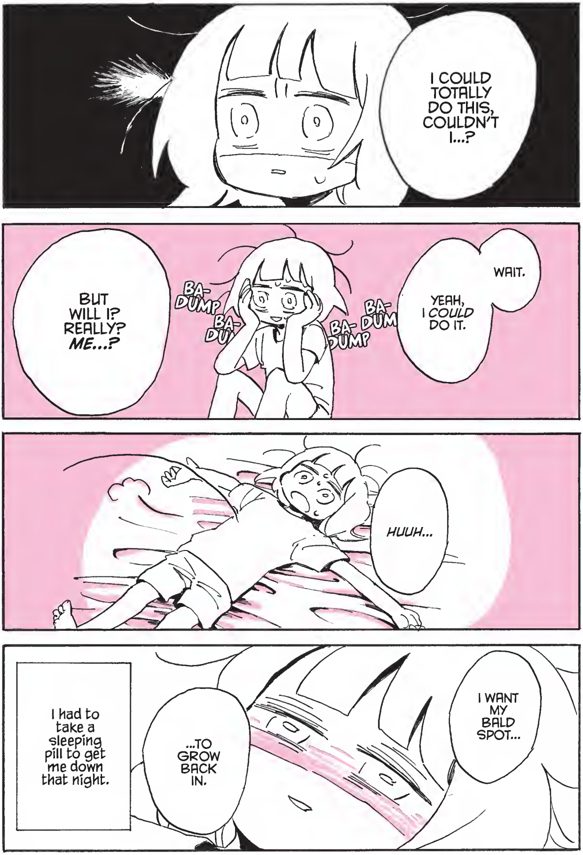
...THINKING LIKE *THAT* ANY-MORE!!
I SAID THAT I'M NOT...
AH ....!!
They'd given me faint scars and a bald spot (from a hair-pulling disorder). I figured the agency probably wouldn't be happy to serve someone who was such a mess.
FLOP
But over the course of nine years, the toll of my life--my depression getting better and then worse, an eating disorder turning to bingeing and then starvation...
LURCH
IT *WOULD* GIVE ME MORE THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT, AND THAT WOULD BE HANDY, RIGHT?
BUT...
(THE MAGIC EXCUSE)
Hey, me back then! That's ***exactly*** what happens.
UNNNNH!
ROLL
UNNNNH.
ROLL
In the journal I was keeping at the time, I wrote:
"Maybe I'll be able to look harder at the past by getting some experience in the present."

My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

Chapter 3: Before the Appointment

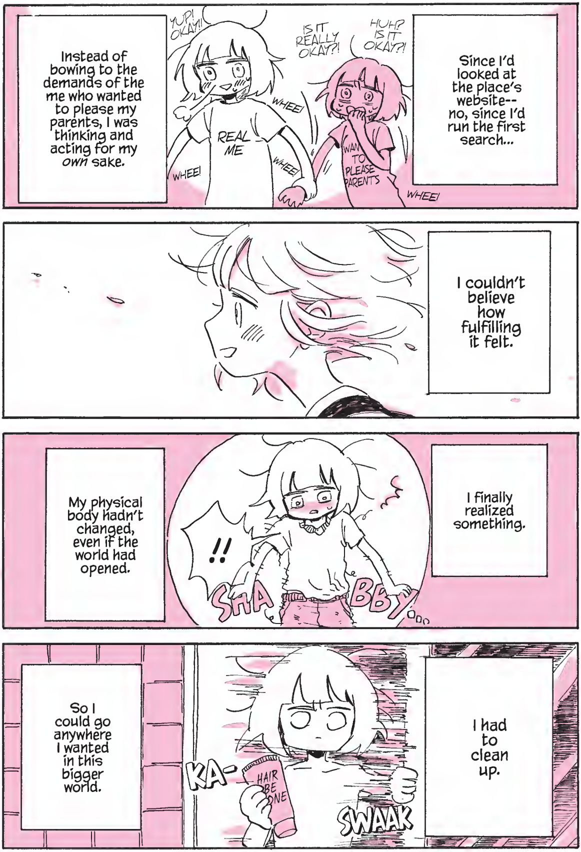


About $250-$300 U.S. Dollars.

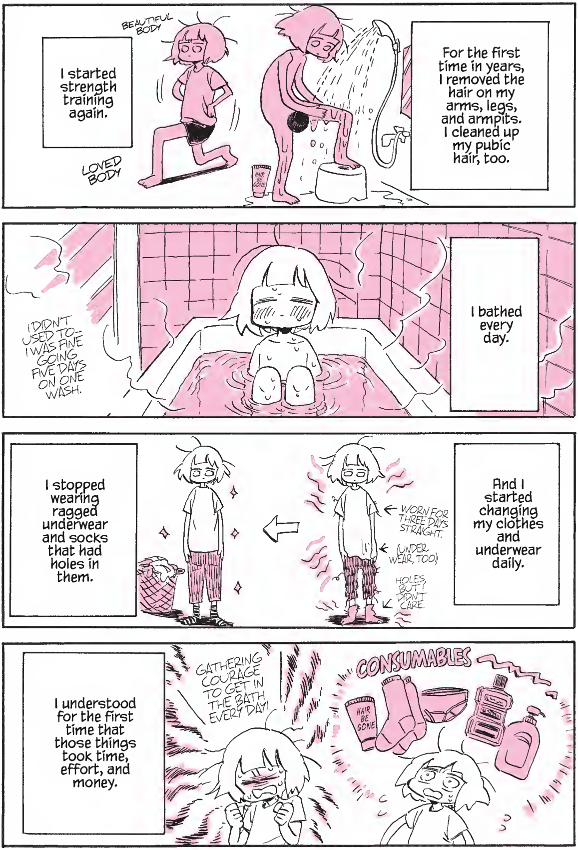

I COULD TOTALLY DO THIS, COULDN'T I...?
WAIT.
YEAH, I *COULD* DO IT.
BA-DUMP BA-DUMP
BA-DUMP BA-DUMP
BUT WILL I? REALLY? *ME...?*
HUUH...
I had to take a sleeping pill to get me down that night.
I WANT MY BALD SPOT...
...TO GROW BACK IN.



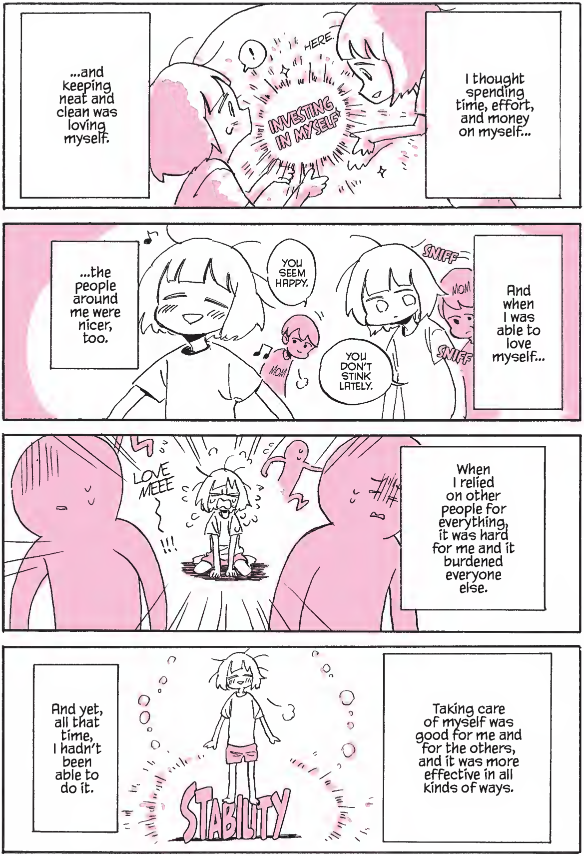
The next day...
...the world was a bigger place.
A bridge had sprung up over the course of the night...
...connecting me to a continent I'd thought was unreachable.
It was easier to breathe.
I hadn't made an appointment yet...
But my heart was pounding, and I couldn't stay still.

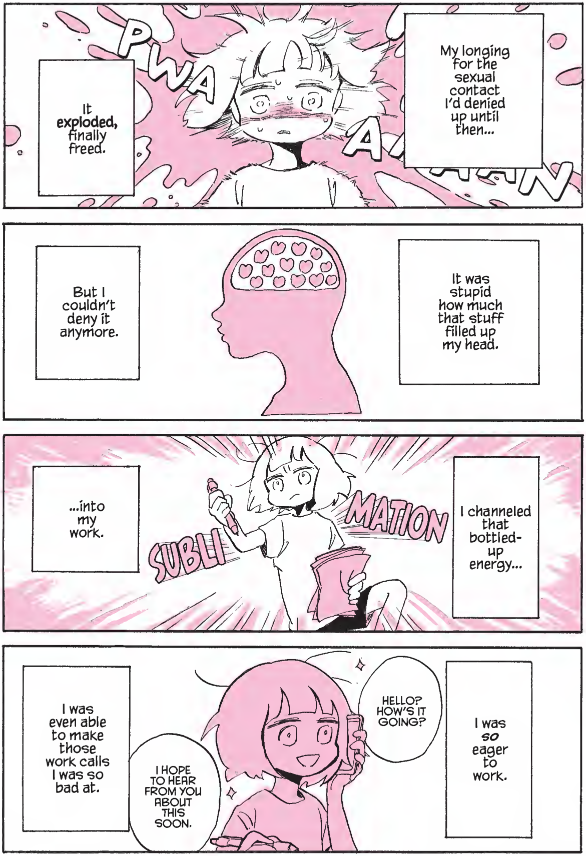


Instead of bowing to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents, I was thinking and acting for my *own* sake.
YUP! OKAY!!
IS IT REALLY OKAY?!
HUH? IS IT OKAY?!
REAL ME
WANT TO PLEASE PARENTS
WHEE!
WHEE!
WHEE!
WHEE!
Since I'd looked at the place's website-- no, since I'd run the first search...
I couldn't believe how fulfilling it felt.
My physical body hadn't changed, even if the world had opened.
!!
SHABBY...
I finally realized something.
So I could go anywhere I wanted in this bigger world.
HAIR BE GONE
KA-SWAAK
I had to clean up.

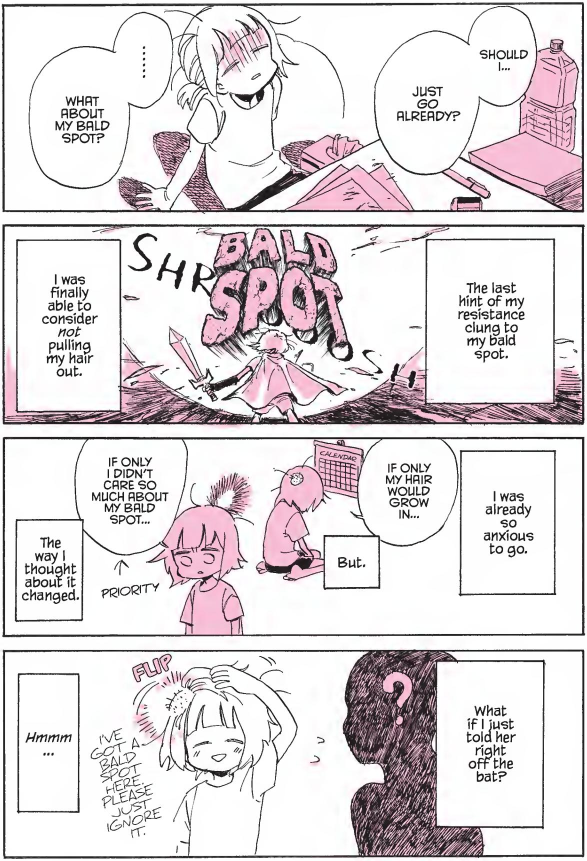


I started strength training again.
BEAUTIFUL BODY
LOVED BODY
HAIR BE GONE
For the first time in years, I removed the hair on my arms, legs, and armpits. I cleaned up my pubic hair, too.
I DIDN'T USED TO... I WAS FINE GOING FIVE DAYS ON ONE WASH.
I bathed every day.
I stopped wearing ragged underwear and socks that had holes in them.
WORN FOR THREE DAYS STRAIGHT.
(UNDERWEAR, TOO)
HOLES, BUT I DIDN'T CARE.
And I started changing my clothes and underwear daily.
I understood for the first time that those things took time, effort, and money.
GATHERING COURAGE TO GET IN THE BATH EVERY DAY!
CONSUMABLES
HAIR BE GONE


I thought spending time, effort, and money on myself...
HERE.
!
INVESTING IN MYSELF
...and keeping neat and clean was loving myself.
And when I was able to love myself...
SNIFF
MOM
SNIFF
YOU DON'T STINK LATELY.
YOU SEEM HAPPY.
MOM
...the people around me were nicer, too.
When I relied on other people for everything, it was hard for me and it burdened everyone else.
LOVE MEEE
!!!
Taking care of myself was good for me and for the others, and it was more effective in all kinds of ways.
STABILITY
And yet, all that time, I hadn't been able to do it.


It exploded, finally freed.
PWAAAAAN
My longing for the sexual contact I'd denied up until then...
But I couldn't deny it anymore.
It was stupid how much that stuff filled up my head.
...into my work.
SUBLIMATION
I channeled that bottled-up energy...
I was even able to make those work calls I was so bad at.
I HOPE TO HEAR FROM YOU ABOUT THIS SOON.
HELLO? HOW'S IT GOING?
I was *so* eager to work.

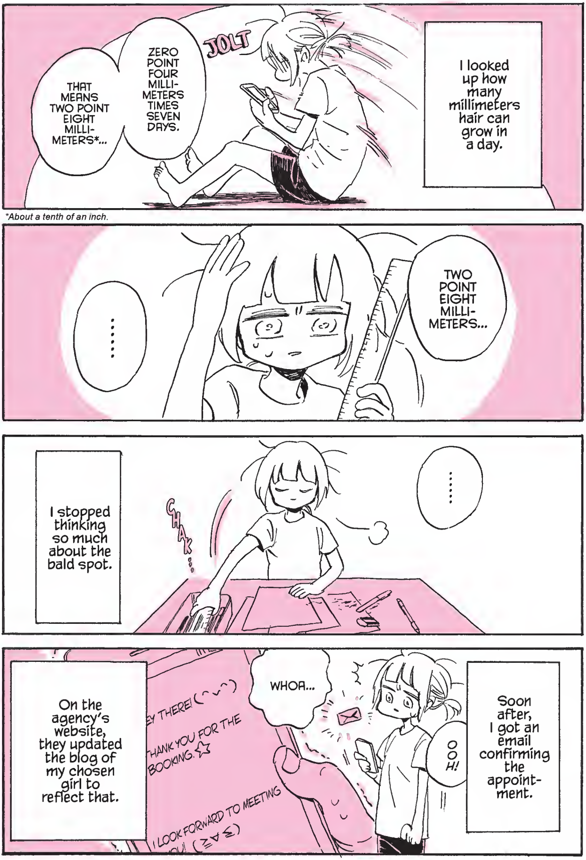

And...
OKAY, PLEASE START ON A DRAFT OF THIS.
?!
...for the first time in over a year, I got the go-ahead for one of my pitches.
Things kept going almost magically well--like I was in one of those dodgy advertisements you see in the back of magazines.
STONES
Money, Luck,
?!
?!
?!
I was getting those results just because I was *trying.*
Maybe I hadn't had the motivation to try before that point.
But even when I was working...
My mind kept wandering. I couldn't concentrate.



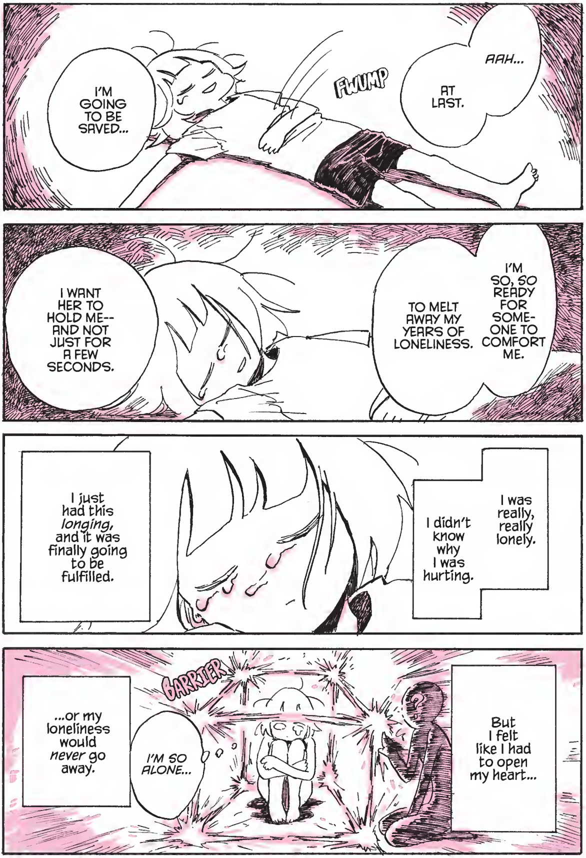
SHOULD I...
JUST GO ALREADY?
......
WHAT ABOUT MY BALD SPOT?
The last hint of my resistance clung to my bald spot.
BALD SPOT
SHHH
I was finally able to consider *not* pulling my hair out.
I was already so anxious to go.
IF ONLY MY HAIR WOULD GROW IN...
CALENDAR
But.
IF ONLY I DIDN'T CARE SO MUCH ABOUT MY BALD SPOT...
PRIORITY
The way I thought about it changed.
What if I just told her right off the bat?
FLIP
I'VE GOT A BALD SPOT HERE. PLEASE JUST IGNORE IT.
Hmmm ...

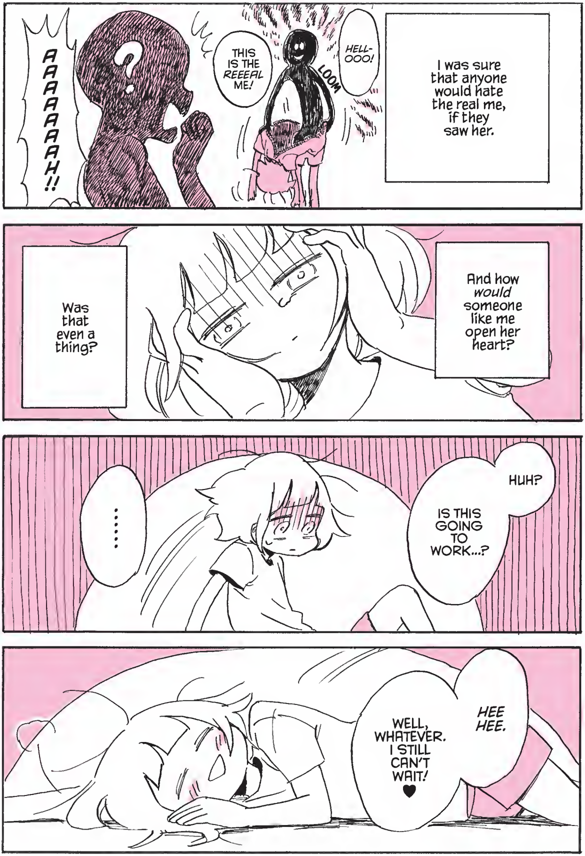

Maybe a little bald spot wouldn't bother them.
Surely they'd had clients with mental health issues before.
STROKE...
FL
IP
It sounded worse than ever.
Gah! No way.

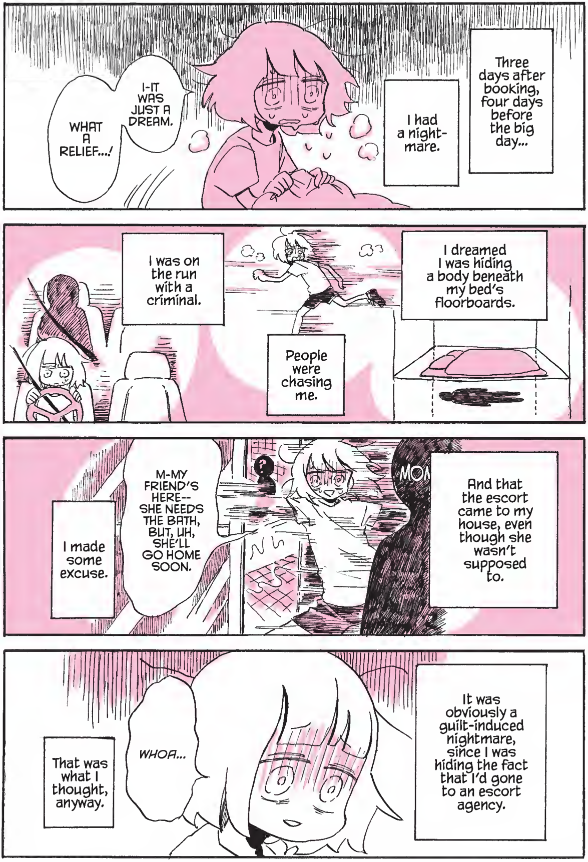

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO FIX THE BALD SPOT.
AND I'M THINKING ABOUT IT SO HARD THAT I'M DEPRESSED.
THIS *SUCKS.*
BUT THE BALD SPOT...
ARGH! I'LL JUST MAKE THE DAMN APPOINTMENT!
YANK
THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO FOCUS!
NOOO. BUT...
DON'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING! BE EMPTY!
AAAH! BUT THE BALD SPOT!
GAAAAAAAH...!
WOOO! I BOOKED IT!
I finally made an appointment for the following week.



*About a tenth of an inch.


AAH... AT LAST.
FWUMP
I'M GOING TO BE SAVED...
I'M SO, SO READY FOR SOME-ONE TO COMFORT ME.
TO MELT AWAY MY YEARS OF LONELINESS.
I WANT HER TO HOLD ME-- AND NOT JUST FOR A FEW SECONDS.
I was really, really lonely.
I didn't know why I was hurting.
I just had this *longing,* and it was finally going to be fulfilled.
But I felt like I had to open my heart...
BARRIER
I'M SO ALONE...
...or my loneliness would *never* go away.

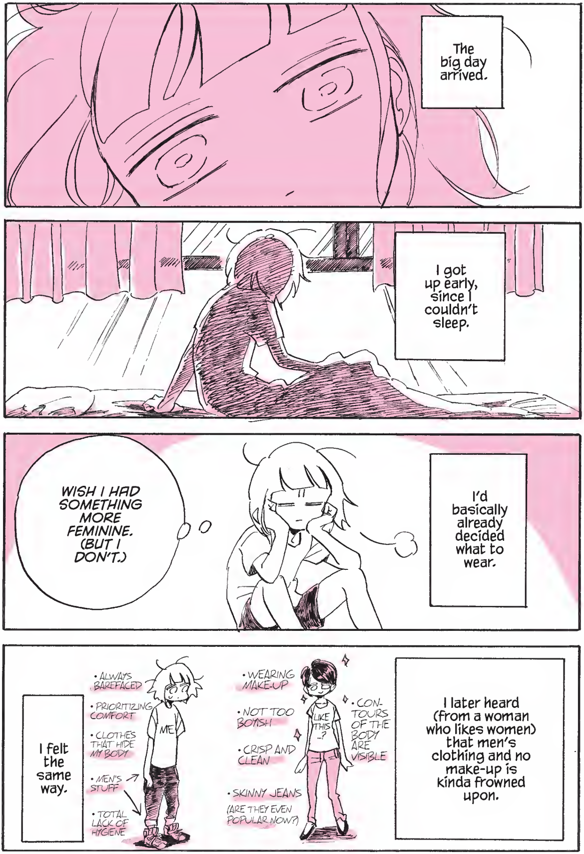

I was sure that anyone would hate the real me, if they saw her.
HELL-OOO!
LOOM
THIS IS THE REEEAL ME!
AAAAAAAAH!!
?
And how would someone like me open her heart?
Was that even a thing?
HUH?
IS THIS GOING TO WORK...?
......
HEE HEE.
WELL, WHATEVER. I STILL CAN'T WAIT! ♥

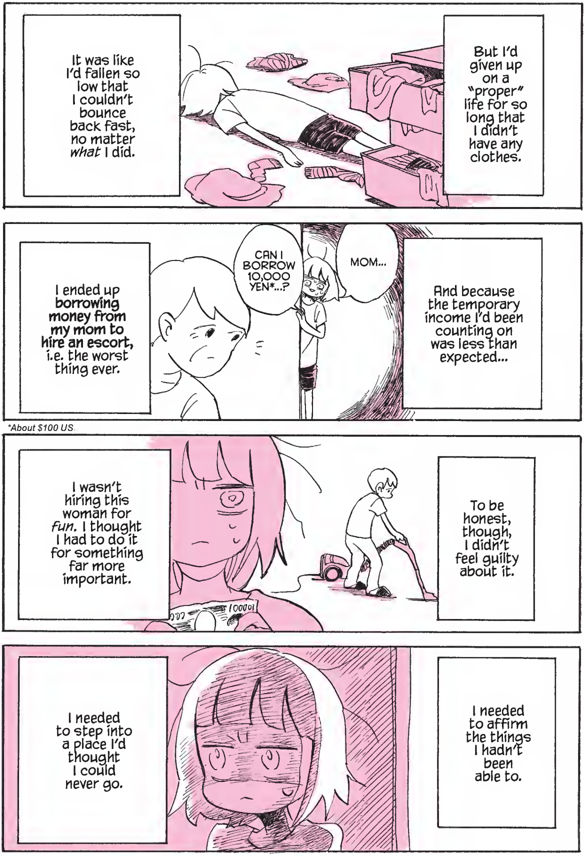

Three days after booking, four days before the big day...
I had a night-mare.
I-IT WAS JUST A DREAM.
WHAT A RELIEF...!
I dreamed I was hiding a body beneath my bed's floorboards.
People were chasing me.
I was on the run with a criminal.
And that the escort came to my house, even though she wasn't supposed to.
MOM
M-MY FRIEND'S HERE-- SHE NEEDS THE BATH, BUT, UH, SHE'LL GO HOME SOON.
I made some excuse.
It was obviously a guilt-induced nightmare, since I was hiding the fact that I'd gone to an escort agency.
WHOA...
That was what I thought, anyway.

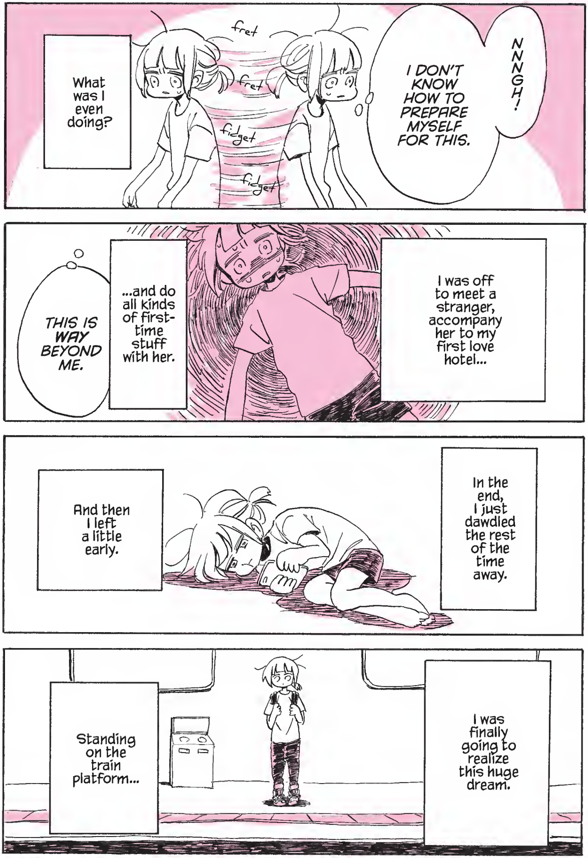

IT'S MY LIFE! I'M A GROWN-UP!
I DON'T HAVE TO FEEL GUILTY ABOUT THIS!!
COME OOON!
ME < PARENTS
TO PLEASE MY PARENTS
CONTROL
THE ME WHO WANTED...
The me who wanted to please my parents threatened to take back control if I wasn't careful.
Would I have to fight for it forever?
ME < PARENTS
ME < PARENTS
I was afraid that the right to think and act for my own sake...
I HAVE GOT TO GET IT TOGETHER.
...would always be a battle inside of me.

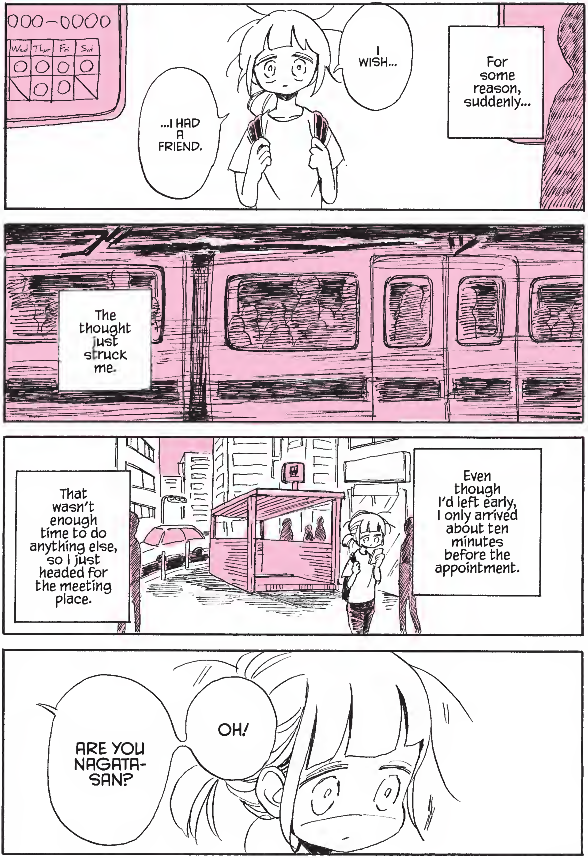
My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

Chapter 4: The Big Day

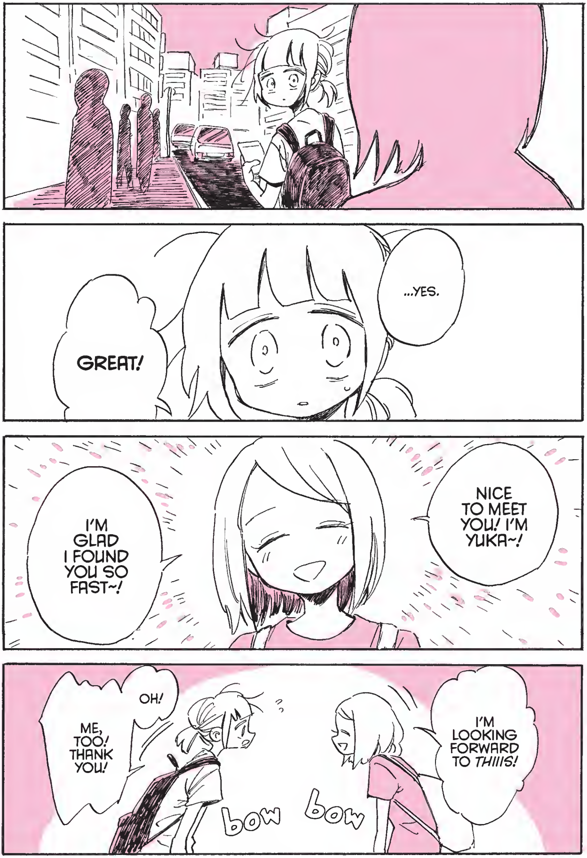


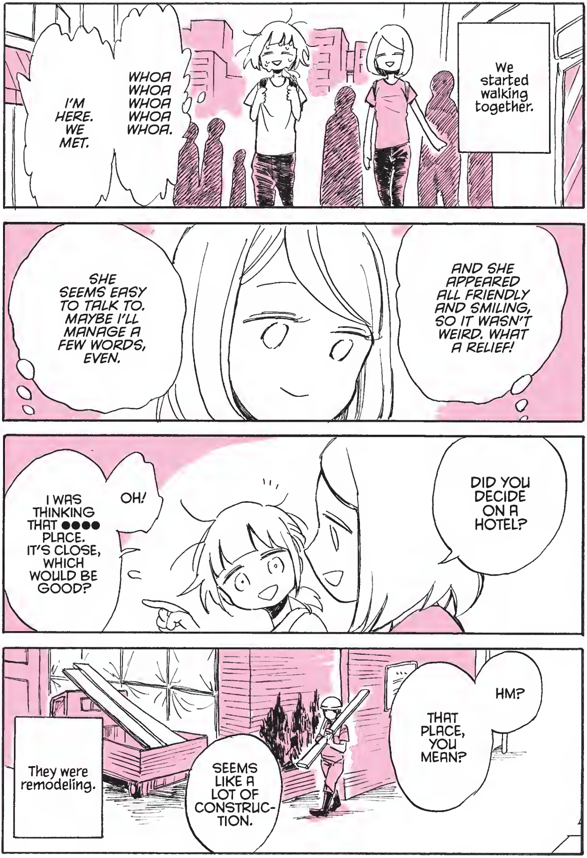

But I'd given up on a "proper" life for so long that I didn't have any clothes.
It was like I'd fallen so low that I couldn't bounce back fast, no matter *what* I did.
And because the temporary income I'd been counting on was less than expected...
MOM...
CAN I BORROW 10,000 YEN*...?
I ended up **borrowing money from my mom to hire an escort,** i.e. the worst thing ever.
*About $100 US
To be honest, though, I didn't feel guilty about it.
I wasn't hiring this woman for *fun*. I thought I had to do it for something far more important.
I needed to affirm the things I hadn't been able to.
I needed to step into a place I'd thought I could never go.

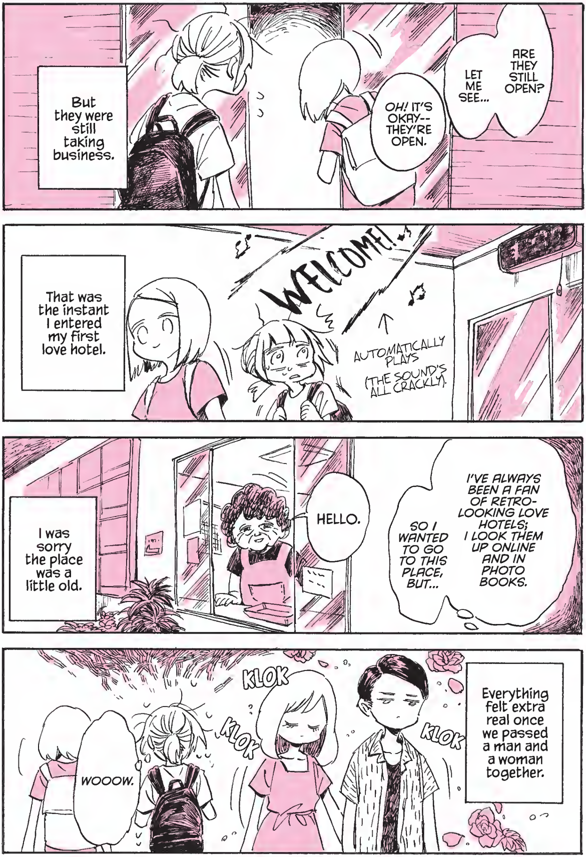

NNNGH!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PREPARE MYSELF FOR THIS.
fret
fret
fidget
fidget
What was I even doing?
I was off to meet a stranger, accompany her to my first love hotel...
...and do all kinds of first-time stuff with her.
THIS IS WAY BEYOND ME.
In the end, I just dawdled the rest of the time away.
And then I left a little early.
I was finally going to realize this huge dream.
Standing on the train platform...

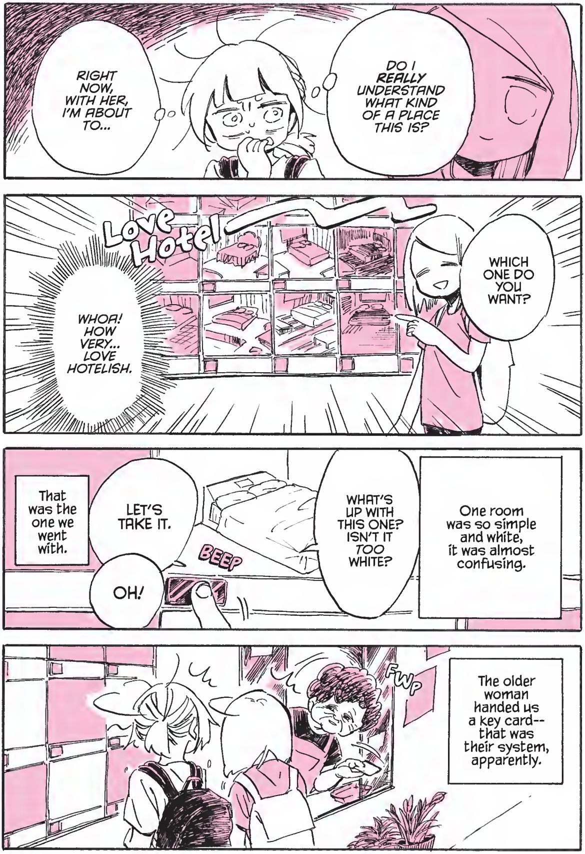


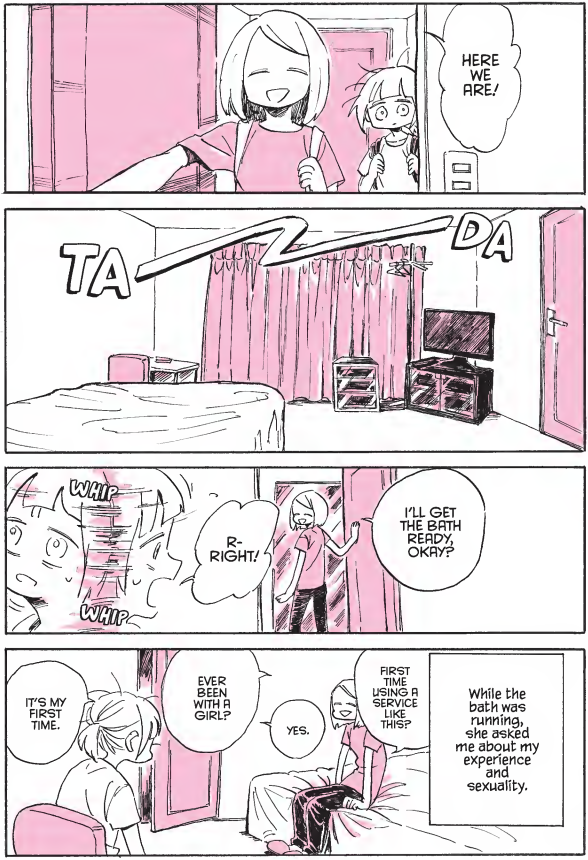
000-0000
Wed Thur Fri Sat
For some reason, suddenly...
I WISH...
...I HAD A FRIEND.
The thought just struck me.
Even though I'd left early, I only arrived about ten minutes before the appointment.
That wasn't enough time to do anything else, so I just headed for the meeting place.
OH!
ARE YOU NAGATA-SAN?

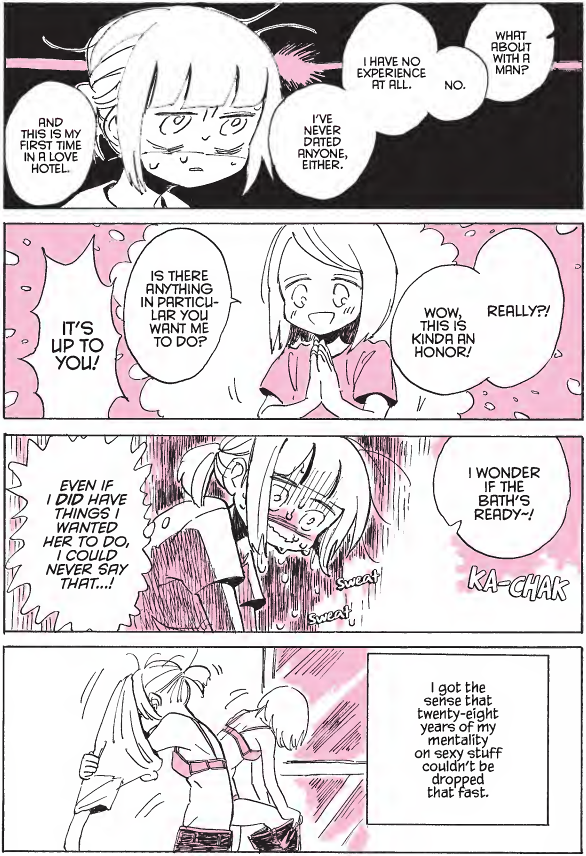

...YES.
GREAT!
NICE TO MEET YOU! I'M YUKA~!
I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU SO FAST~!
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THIIIS!
OH!
ME, TOO! THANK YOU!
bow bow

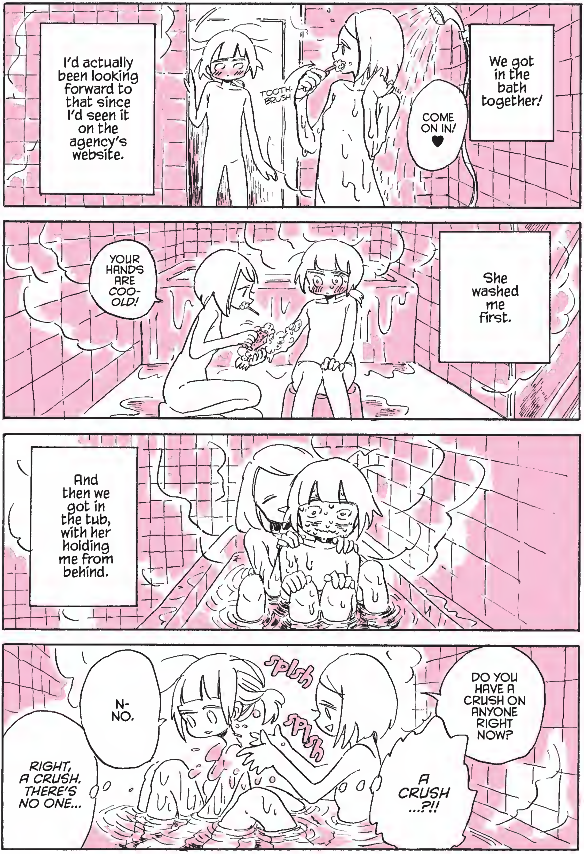

We started walking together.
WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA.
I'M HERE. WE MET.
AND SHE APPEARED ALL FRIENDLY AND SMILING, SO IT WASN'T WEIRD. WHAT A RELIEF!
SHE SEEMS EASY TO TALK TO. MAYBE I'LL MANAGE A FEW WORDS, EVEN.
DID YOU DECIDE ON A HOTEL?
OH!
I WAS THINKING THAT ●●●● PLACE. IT'S CLOSE, WHICH WOULD BE GOOD?
HM?
THAT PLACE, YOU MEAN?
SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF CONSTRUCTION.
They were remodeling.

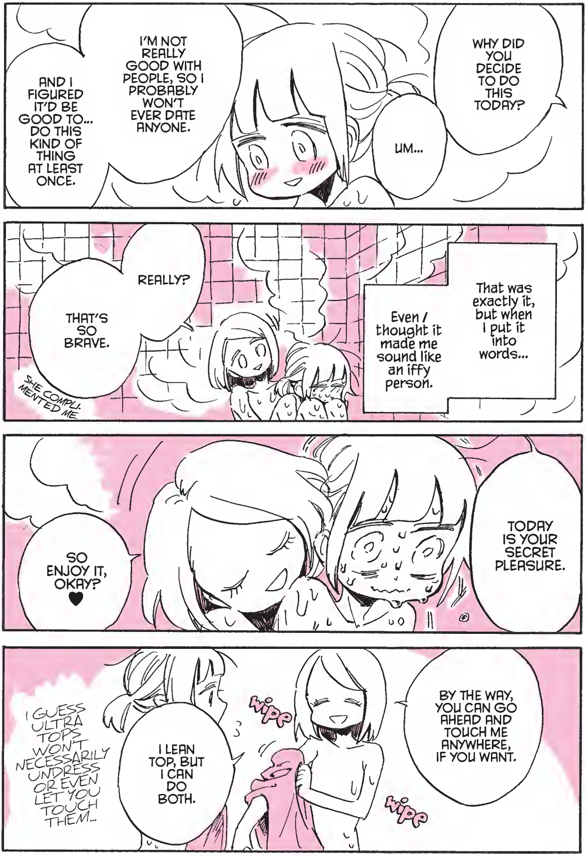

But they were still taking business.
ARE THEY STILL OPEN?
LET ME SEE...
OH! IT'S OKAY-- THEY'RE OPEN.
That was the instant I entered my first love hotel.
WELCOME!
AUTOMATICALLY PLAYS (THE SOUND'S ALL CRACKLY).
I was sorry the place was a little old.
HELLO.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A FAN OF RETRO-LOOKING LOVE HOTELS; I LOOK THEM UP ONLINE AND IN PHOTO BOOKS.
SO I WANTED TO GO TO THIS PLACE, BUT...
KLOK
KLOK
KLOK
WOOOW.
Everything felt extra real once we passed a man and a woman together.

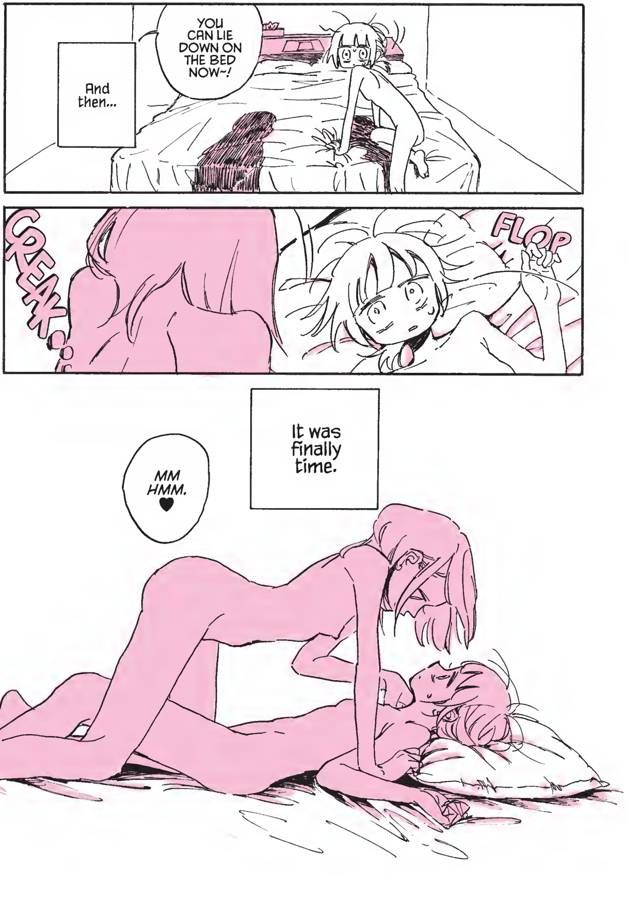

DO I REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT KIND OF A PLACE THIS IS?
RIGHT NOW, WITH HER, I'M ABOUT TO...
WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT?
Love Hotel
WHOA! HOW VERY... LOVE HOTELISH.
One room was so simple and white, it was almost confusing.
WHAT'S UP WITH THIS ONE? ISN'T IT TOO WHITE?
LET'S TAKE IT.
BEEP
OH!
That was the one we went with.
The older woman handed us a key card--that was their system, apparently.
FWP


HERE WE ARE!
TA
DA
I'LL GET THE BATH READY, OKAY?
WHIP
WHIP
R-RIGHT!
While the bath was running, she asked me about my experience and sexuality.
FIRST TIME USING A SERVICE LIKE THIS?
YES.
EVER BEEN WITH A GIRL?
IT'S MY FIRST TIME.

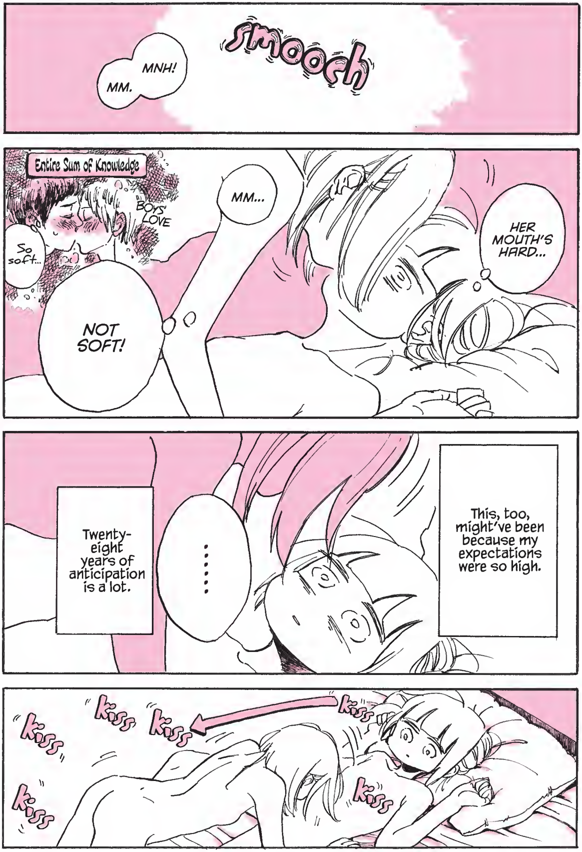

WHAT ABOUT WITH A MAN?
NO.
I HAVE NO EXPERIENCE AT ALL.
I'VE NEVER DATED ANYONE, EITHER.
AND THIS IS MY FIRST TIME IN A LOVE HOTEL.
REALLY?!
WOW, THIS IS KINDA AN HONOR!
IS THERE ANYTHING IN PARTICU-LAR YOU WANT ME TO DO?
IT'S UP TO YOU!
I WONDER IF THE BATH'S READY~!
KA-CHAK
EVEN IF I DID HAVE THINGS I WANTED HER TO DO, I COULD NEVER SAY THAT...!
Sweat
Sweat
I got the sense that twenty-eight years of my mentality on sexy stuff couldn't be dropped that fast.


We got in the bath together!
COME ON IN! ♥
TOOTH-BRUSH
I'd actually been looking forward to that since I'd seen it on the agency's website.
She washed me first.
YOUR HANDS ARE COO-OLD!
And then we got in the tub, with her holding me from behind.
DO YOU HAVE A CRUSH ON ANYONE RIGHT NOW?
SPLSH
SPLSH
A CRUSH ...?!!
N-NO.
RIGHT, A CRUSH. THERE'S NO ONE...

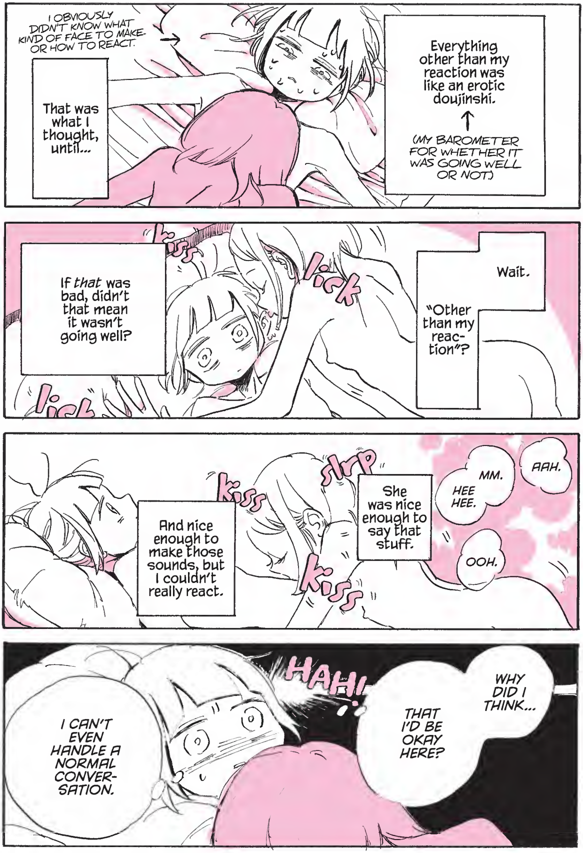

WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO DO THIS TODAY?
UM...
I'M NOT REALLY GOOD WITH PEOPLE, SO I PROBABLY WON'T EVER DATE ANYONE.
AND I FIGURED IT'D BE GOOD TO... DO THIS KIND OF THING AT LEAST ONCE.
That was exactly it, but when I put it into words...
Even I thought it made me sound like an iffy person.
REALLY?
THAT'S SO BRAVE.
SHE COMPLIMENTED ME.
TODAY IS YOUR SECRET PLEASURE.
SO ENJOY IT, OKAY? ♥
BY THE WAY, YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND TOUCH ME ANYWHERE, IF YOU WANT.
wipe
wipe
I LEAN TOP, BUT I CAN DO BOTH.
I GUESS ULTRA TOPS WON'T NECESSARILY UNDRESS OR EVEN LET YOU TOUCH THEM...

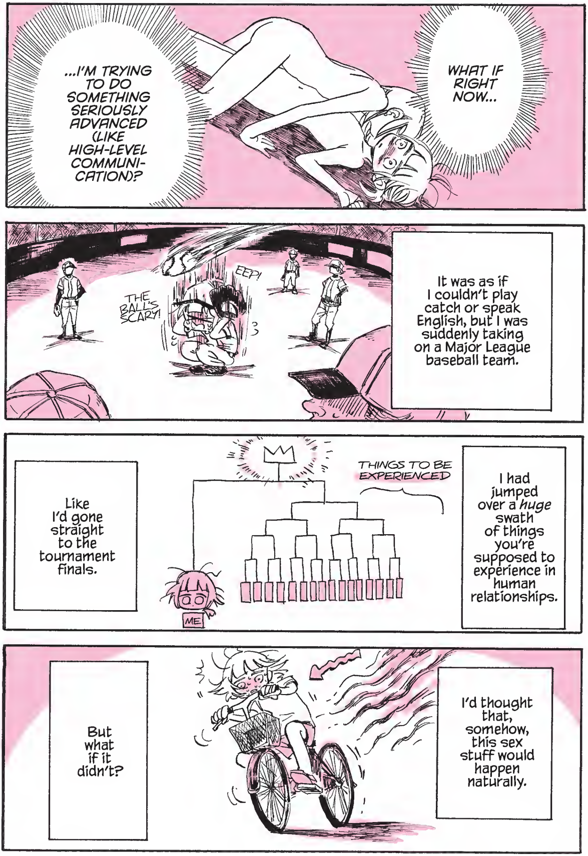

And then...
YOU CAN LIE DOWN ON THE BED NOW~!
CREAK...
FLOP
It was finally time.
MM HMM. ♥


MY FACE... ISN'T REALLY MOVING.
MY EXPRESSION'S FREEZING HERE.
Since I lacked a lot of human contact, I couldn't move my face the way I wanted.
I responded to her smooth smile with an indescribable expression.
!
THIS...!
SHHF
smooch
I didn't know if she realized it, but...
That...
...was the first time I'd ever been kissed.



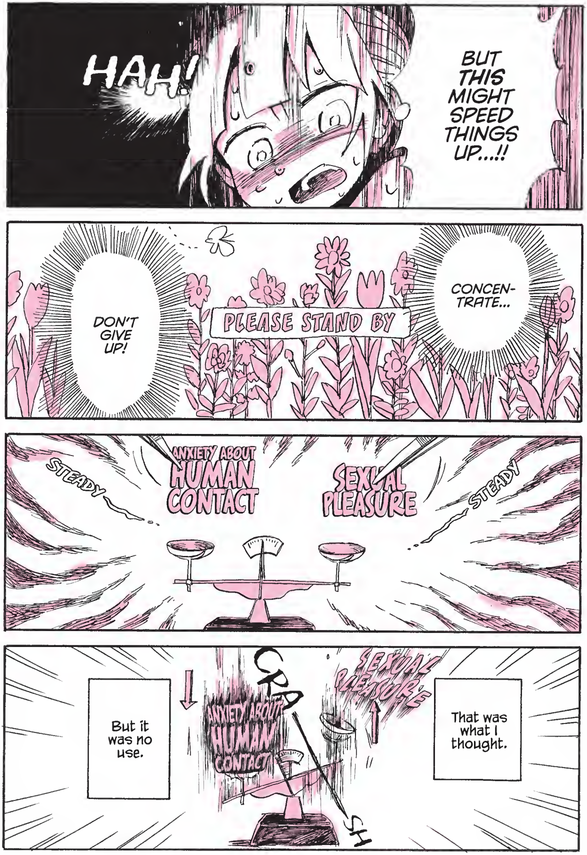
SMOOCH
MM.
MNH!
Entire Sum of Knowledge
BOYS' LOVE
So soft...
NOT SOFT!
MM...
HER MOUTH'S HARD...
Twenty-eight years of anticipation is a lot.
......
This, too, might've been because my expectations were so high.
KISS
KISS
KISS
KISS
KISS
KISS


Everything other than my reaction was like an erotic doujinshi.
(MY BAROMETER FOR WHETHER IT WAS GOING WELL OR NOT.)
I OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF FACE TO MAKE OR HOW TO REACT.
That was what I thought, until...
Wait.
"Other than my reac-tion"?
lick
kiss
If *that* was bad, didn't that mean it wasn't going well?
lick
AAH.
MM.
HEE HEE.
OOH.
She was nice enough to say that stuff.
slrp
kiss
kiss
And nice enough to make those sounds, but I couldn't really react.
WHY DID I THINK...
THAT I'D BE OKAY HERE?
HAH!
I CAN'T EVEN HANDLE A NORMAL CONVER-SATION.


WHAT IF RIGHT NOW...
...I'M TRYING TO DO SOMETHING SERIOUSLY ADVANCED (LIKE HIGH-LEVEL COMMUNI-CATION)?
It was as if I couldn't play catch or speak English, but I was suddenly taking on a Major League baseball team.
EEP!
THE BALL'S SCARY!
I had jumped over a *huge* swath of things you're supposed to experience in human relationships.
THINGS TO BE EXPERIENCED
ME
Like I'd gone straight to the tournament finals.
I'd thought that, somehow, this sex stuff would happen naturally.
But what if it didn't?

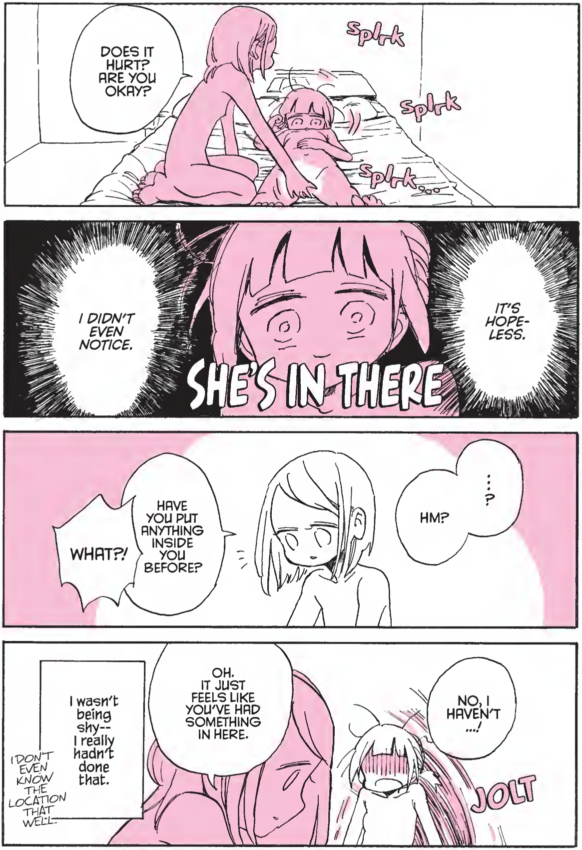


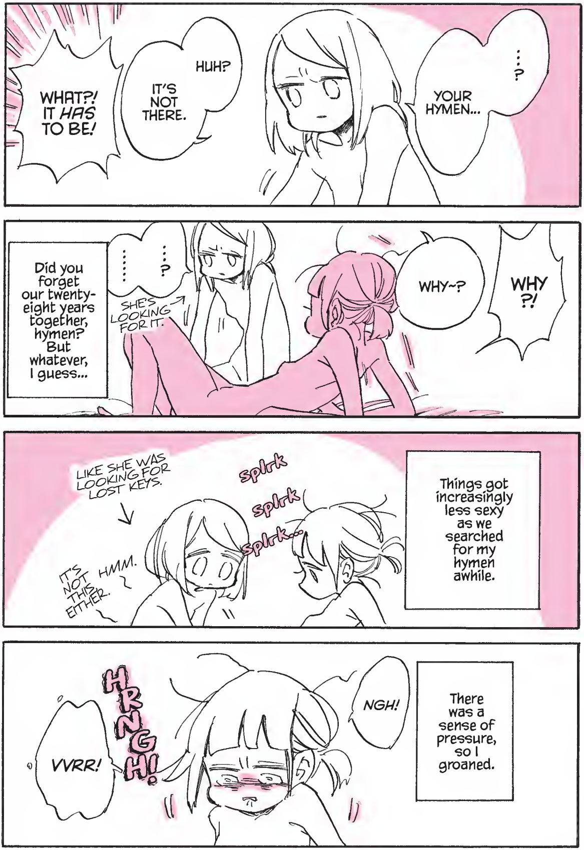
I started realizing that communication skills don't improve that fast.
They take time...
shf
!!!
lick


HAH!
BUT THIS MIGHT SPEED THINGS UP...!!
DON'T GIVE UP!
PLEASE STAND BY
CONCEN-TRATE...
STEADY
ANXIETY ABOUT HUMAN CONTACT
SEXUAL PLEASURE
STEADY
But it was no use.
ANXIETY ABOUT HUMAN CONTACT
CRASH
SEXUAL PLEASURE
That was what I thought.

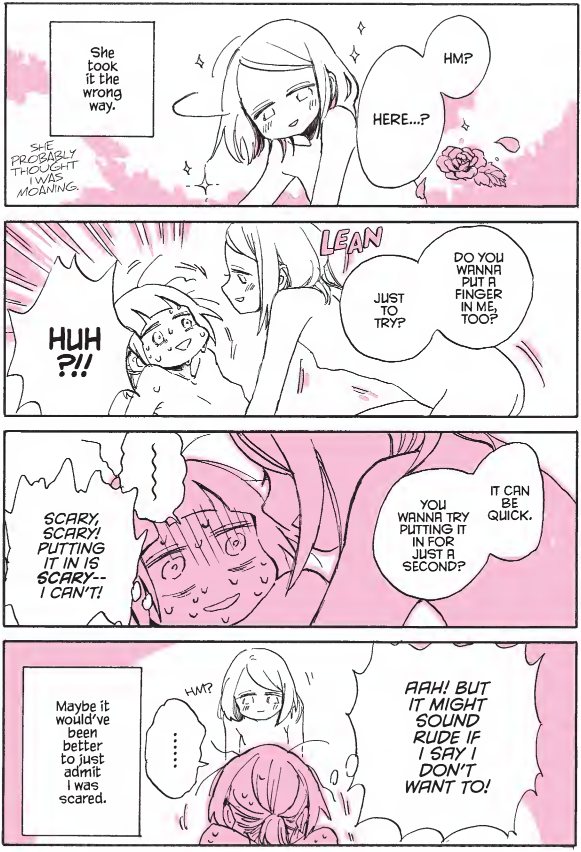


Things started to feel hopeless.
LIKE AN EROTIC DOUJINSHI!
...!
I thought of the reviews and comments I'd read about this agency.
REVIEWS
IT WAS THE BEST I'VE EVER FELT.♡
EVERYTHING FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES!
MY LEGS WERE ALL TWITCHY. I ALMOST WENT CRAZY. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD FEEL THAT GOOD.
I figured those girls had opened their hearts, unlike me.
CURRENT STATE
...!
What was I?
ANXIETY 'BOUT HUMAN CONTACT
Someone who failed at being a person?
I'M SORRY.
IT'S NO USE. IT'S TOO HARD...
Splrk
Splrk

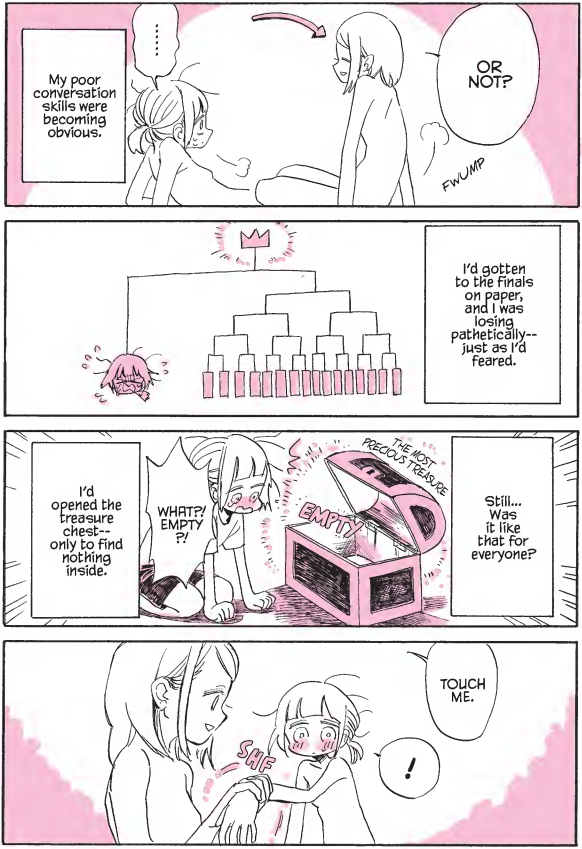

Splrk
Splrk
DOES IT HURT? ARE YOU OKAY?
Splrk...
IT'S HOPELESS.
SHE'S IN THERE
I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE.
...?
HM?
HAVE YOU PUT ANYTHING INSIDE YOU BEFORE?
WHAT?!
NO, I HAVEN'T ...!
JOLT
OH. IT JUST FEELS LIKE YOU'VE HAD SOMETHING IN HERE.
I wasn't being shy-- I really hadn't done that.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE LOCATION THAT WELL.



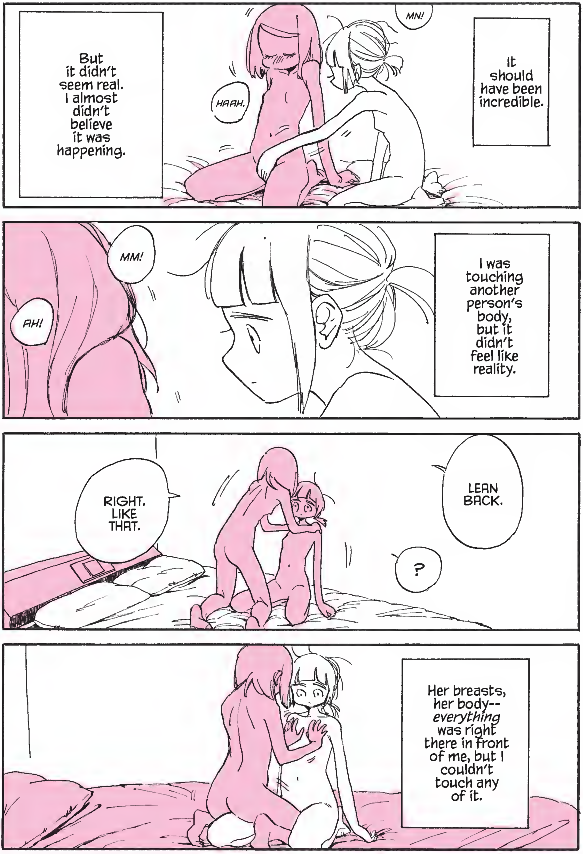
...?
YOUR HYMEN...
HUH?
IT'S NOT THERE.
WHAT?! IT *HAS* TO BE!
WHY ?!
WHY~?
...?
......
SHE'S LOOKING FOR IT.
Did you forget our twenty-eight years together, hymen? But whatever, I guess...
Things got increasingly less sexy as we searched for my hymen awhile.
splrk
splrk
splrk...
LIKE SHE WAS LOOKING FOR LOST KEYS.
HMM.
IT'S NOT THIS EITHER.
There was a sense of pressure, so I groaned.
NGH!
HRNGH!
VVRR!



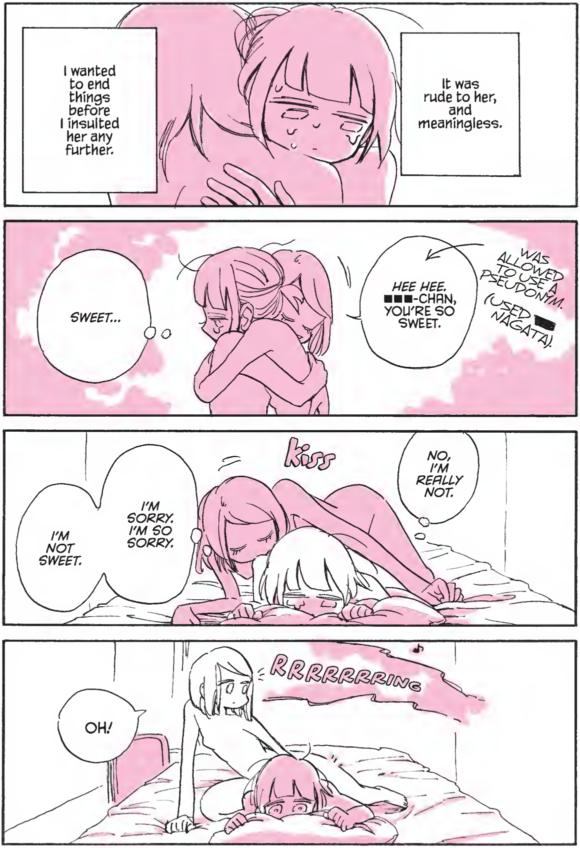
She took it the wrong way.
SHE PROBABLY THOUGHT I WAS MOANING.
HM?
HERE...?
LEAN
DO YOU WANNA PUT A FINGER IN ME, TOO?
JUST TO TRY?
HUH ?!!
IT CAN BE QUICK.
YOU WANNA TRY PUTTING IT IN FOR JUST A SECOND?
SCARY, SCARY! PUTTING IT IN IS SCARY-- I CAN'T!
Maybe it would've been better to just admit I was scared.
HM?
......
AAH! BUT IT MIGHT SOUND RUDE IF I SAY I DON'T WANT TO!



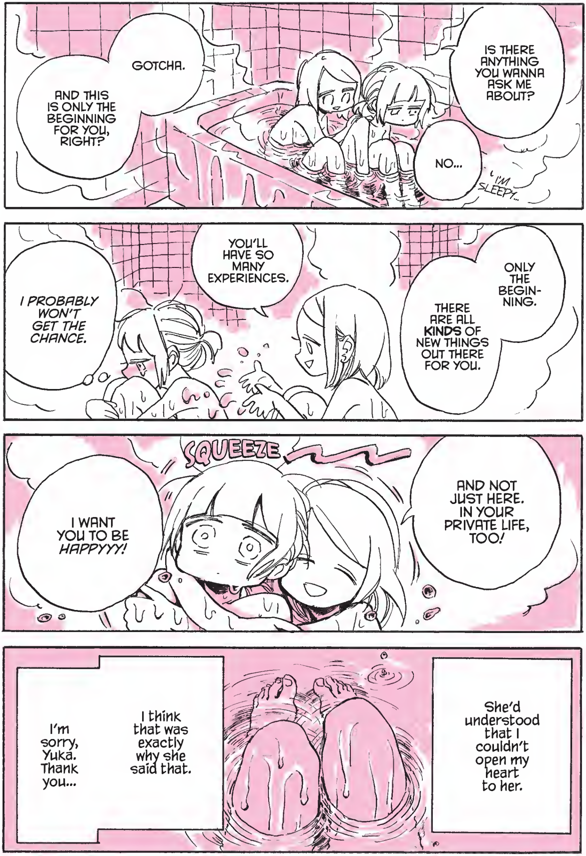
My poor conversation skills were becoming obvious.
......
OR NOT?
FWUMP
I'd gotten to the finals on paper, and I was losing pathetically--just as I'd feared.
I'd opened the treasure chest--only to find nothing inside.
WHAT?! EMPTY ?!
THE MOST PRECIOUS TREASURE
EMPTY
Still... Was it like that for everyone?
TOUCH ME.
SHF
!

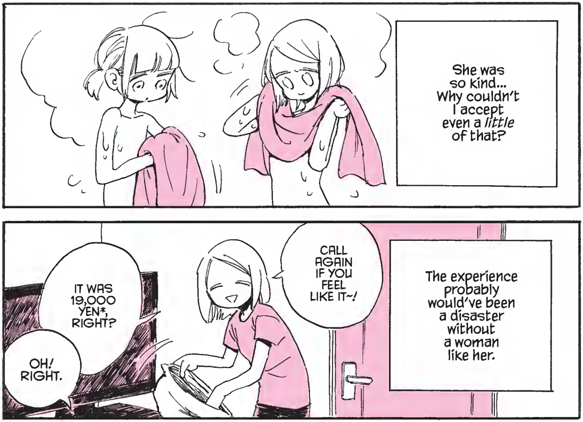

But it didn't seem real. I almost didn't believe it was happening.
HAAH.
MN!
It should have been incredible.
AH!
MM!
I was touching another person's body, but it didn't feel like reality.
RIGHT. LIKE THAT.
LEAN BACK.
?
Her breasts, her body-- *everything* was right there in front of me, but I couldn't touch any of it.


Even though I'd been sad, thinking I might die without ever touching breasts other than my mother's...
Even though I *wanted* to touch them so much...
I couldn't put my arms around her.
SQUEEZE
My body wouldn't move.
It was so unreal-- like I was watching people on the other side of a screen.
THERE'S NO...
STRENGTH IN MY ARMS.

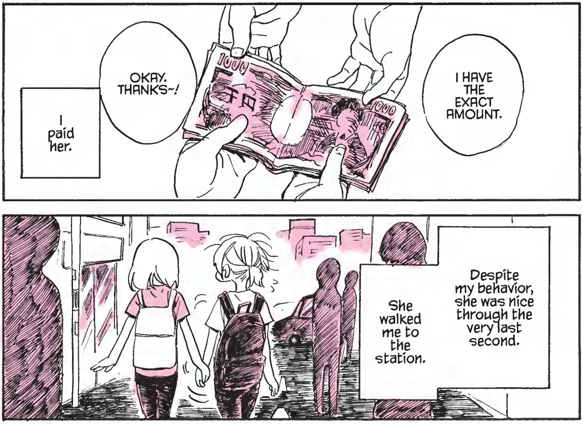

It was rude to her, and meaningless.
I wanted to end things before I insulted her any further.
HEE HEE. [redacted]-CHAN, YOU'RE SO SWEET.
WAS ALLOWED TO USE A PSEUDONYM. (USED [redacted] NAGATA).
SWEET...
NO, I'M REALLY NOT.
kiss
I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.
I'M NOT SWEET.
RRRRRRRRING
OH!


RRRRRRRING
THAT'S PROBABLY THE "FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT" CALL.
sproing
HELLO?
OKAY.
THANKS.
OKAY~!
RIGHT. THANK YOU.
CLICK
It was over.
ALL RIGHT.
HOW ABOUT WE JUMP IN THE BATH?


IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANNA ASK ME ABOUT?
NO...
I'M SLEEPY...
GOTCHA.
AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR YOU, RIGHT?
ONLY THE BEGIN-NING.
THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF NEW THINGS OUT THERE FOR YOU.
YOU'LL HAVE SO MANY EXPERIENCES.
I PROBABLY WON'T GET THE CHANCE.
AND NOT JUST HERE. IN YOUR PRIVATE LIFE, TOO!
SQUEEZE
I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPYYY!
She'd understood that I couldn't open my heart to her.
I think that was exactly why she said that.
I'm sorry, Yuka. Thank you...


She was so kind... Why couldn't I accept even a *little* of that?
IT WAS 19,000 YEN*, RIGHT?
OH! RIGHT.
CALL AGAIN IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT~!
The experience probably would've been a disaster without a woman like her.

*About $190 US


I paid her.
I HAVE THE EXACT AMOUNT.
OKAY. THANKS~!
She walked me to the station.
Despite my behavior, she was nice through the very last second.

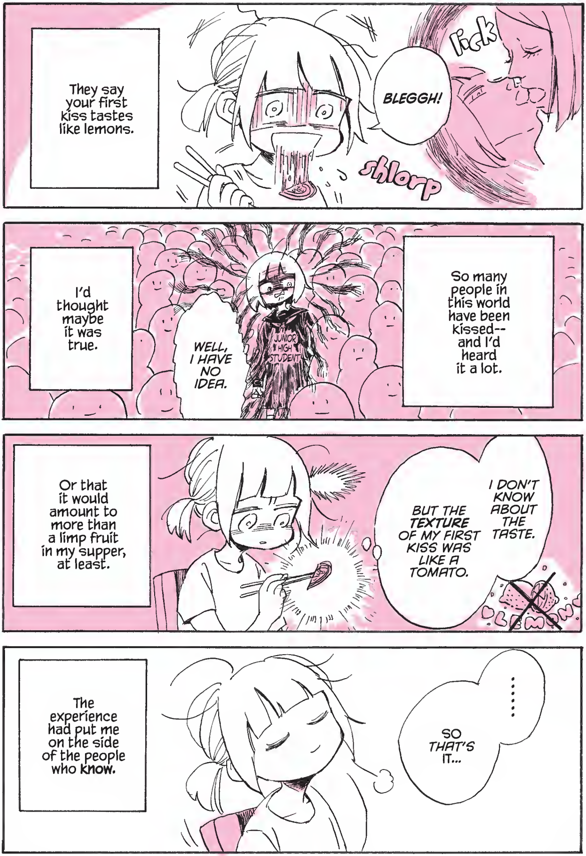

FRIENDS...
SWING
SWING
IT'S LIIIKE... ♪
WE'RE FRIENDS NOW~! ♪
I REALLY WANT A FRIEND.
OH.
THANKS FOR TODAY~!
THANKS VERY MUCH.
She was so kind to me.
But I couldn't open my heart. I let all her feelings spill to the ground, unable to take them in.
Then I stepped down the stairs and into the station.

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

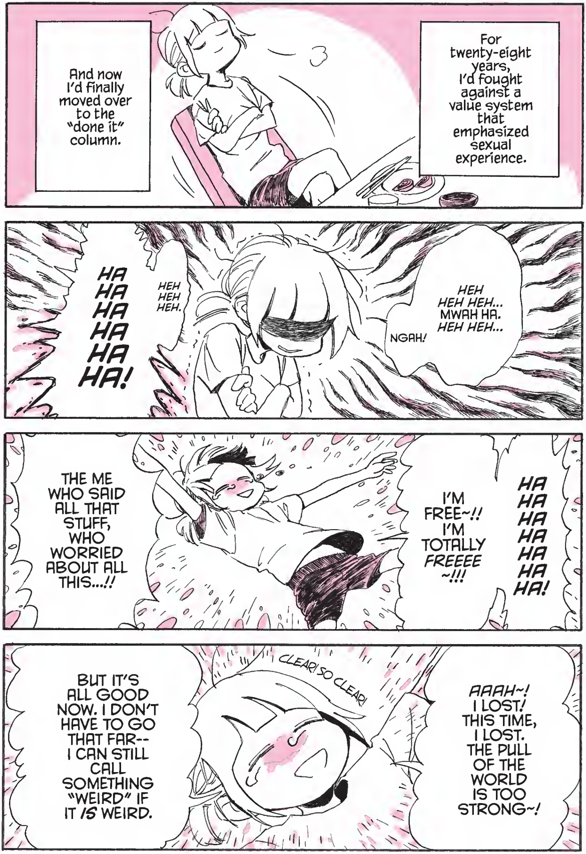
Chapter 5: Sequel

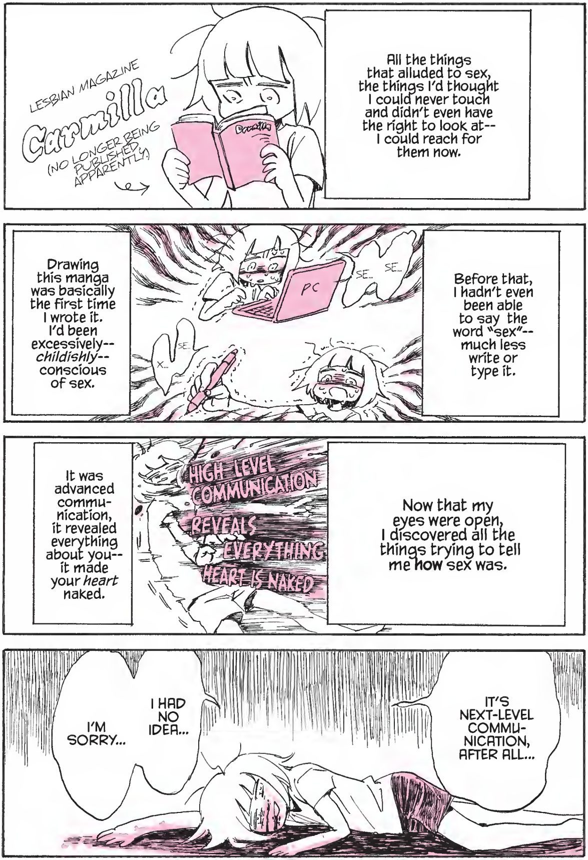


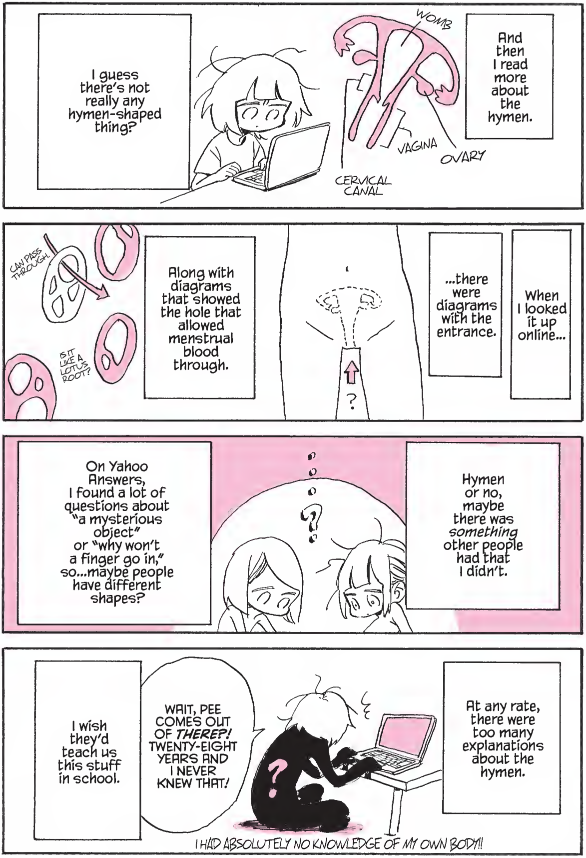

ZWWUUUUOOOOOOO
The experience was like running up to the massive wall that stood between other people and me.
OH! MOM LEFT SUPPER FOR ME.
I'd been so nervous that day that I'd basically eaten nothing.
GOMP!
TOMATO
THANKS FOR THE FOOD!
!!

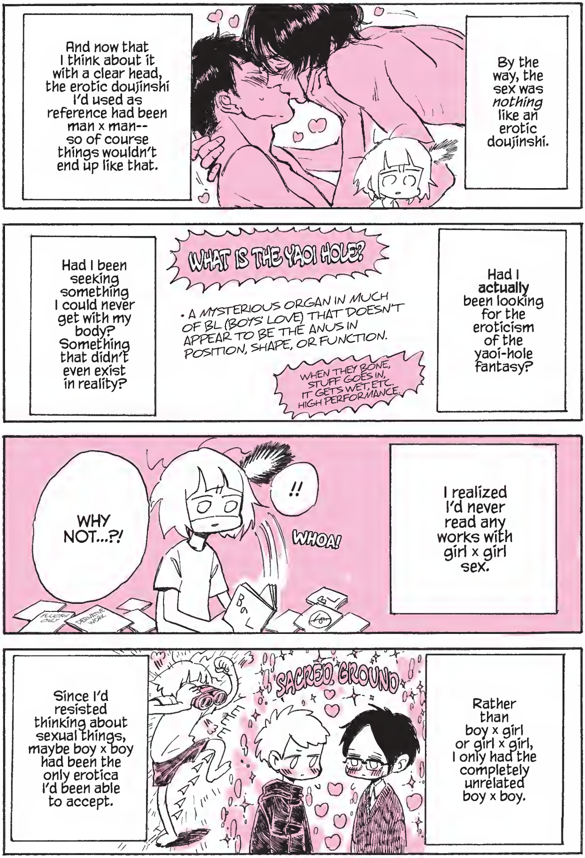


They say your first kiss tastes like lemons.
BLEGGH!
lick
shlorp
I'd thought maybe it was true.
WELL, I HAVE NO IDEA.
JUNIOR HIGH STUDENT
So many people in this world have been kissed--and I'd heard it a lot.
Or that it would amount to more than a limp fruit in my supper, at least.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE TASTE.
BUT THE TEXTURE OF MY FIRST KISS WAS LIKE A TOMATO.
LEMON
The experience had put me on the side of the people who know.
......
SO THAT'S IT...

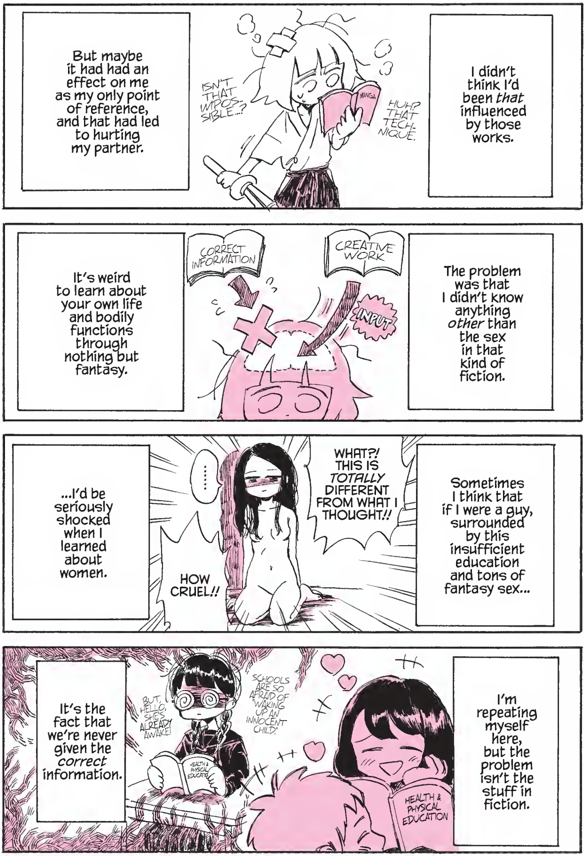

And now I'd finally moved over to the "done it" column.
For twenty-eight years, I'd fought against a value system that emphasized sexual experience.
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
HEH HEH HEH.
HEH HEH HEH... MWAH HA. HEH HEH...
NGAH!
THE ME WHO SAID ALL THAT STUFF, WHO WORRIED ABOUT ALL THIS...!!
I'M FREE~!! I'M TOTALLY FREEEE~!!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
BUT IT'S ALL GOOD NOW. I DON'T HAVE TO GO THAT FAR-- I CAN STILL CALL SOMETHING "WEIRD" IF IT *IS* WEIRD.
CLEAR! SO CLEAR!
AAAH~! I LOST! THIS TIME, I LOST. THE PULL OF THE WORLD IS TOO STRONG~!


All the things that alluded to sex, the things I'd thought I could never touch and didn't even have the right to look at-- I could reach for them now.
LESBIAN MAGAZINE
Carmilla
(NO LONGER BEING PUBLISHED, APPARENTLY)
Before that, I hadn't even been able to say the word "sex"-- much less write or type it.
SE... SE...
PC
Drawing this manga was basically the first time I wrote it. I'd been excessively-- *childishly*-- conscious of sex.
SE... X...
Now that my eyes were open, I discovered all the things trying to tell me **how** sex was.
HIGH LEVEL COMMUNICATION
REVEALS EVERYTHING
HEART IS NAKED
It was advanced communication, it revealed everything about you-- it made your *heart* naked.
IT'S NEXT-LEVEL COMMUNICATION, AFTER ALL...
I HAD NO IDEA...
I'M SORRY...

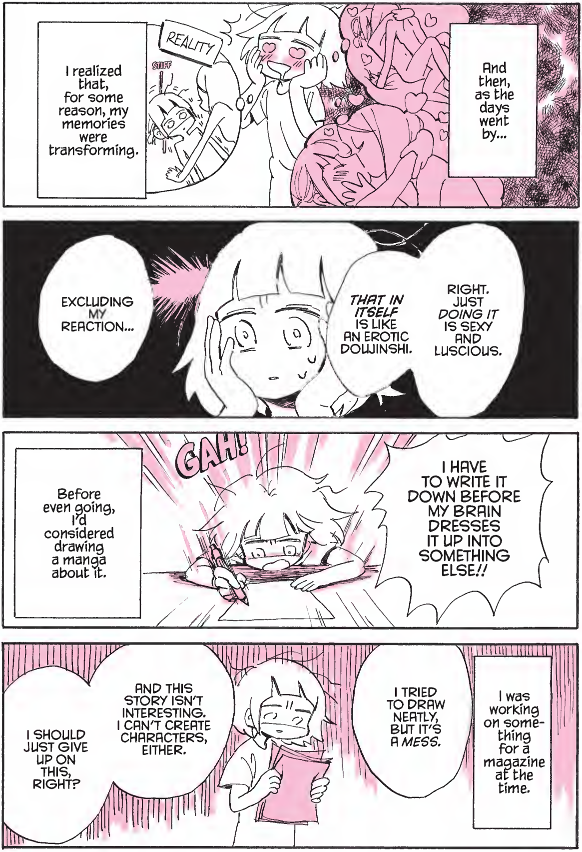

And then I read more about the hymen.
WOMB
CERVICAL CANAL
VAGINA
OVARY
I guess there's not really any hymen-shaped thing?
When I looked it up online...
...there were diagrams with the entrance.
?
Along with diagrams that showed the hole that allowed menstrual blood through.
CAN PASS THROUGH.
IS IT LIKE A LOTUS ROOT?
Hymen or no, maybe there was *something* other people had that I didn't.
?
On Yahoo Answers, I found a lot of questions about "a mysterious object" or "why won't a finger go in," so...maybe people have different shapes?
At any rate, there were too many explanations about the hymen.
WAIT, PEE COMES OUT OF *THERE?!* TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AND I NEVER KNEW THAT!
I wish they'd teach us this stuff in school.
?
I HAD ABSOLUTELY NO KNOWLEDGE OF MY OWN BODY!!

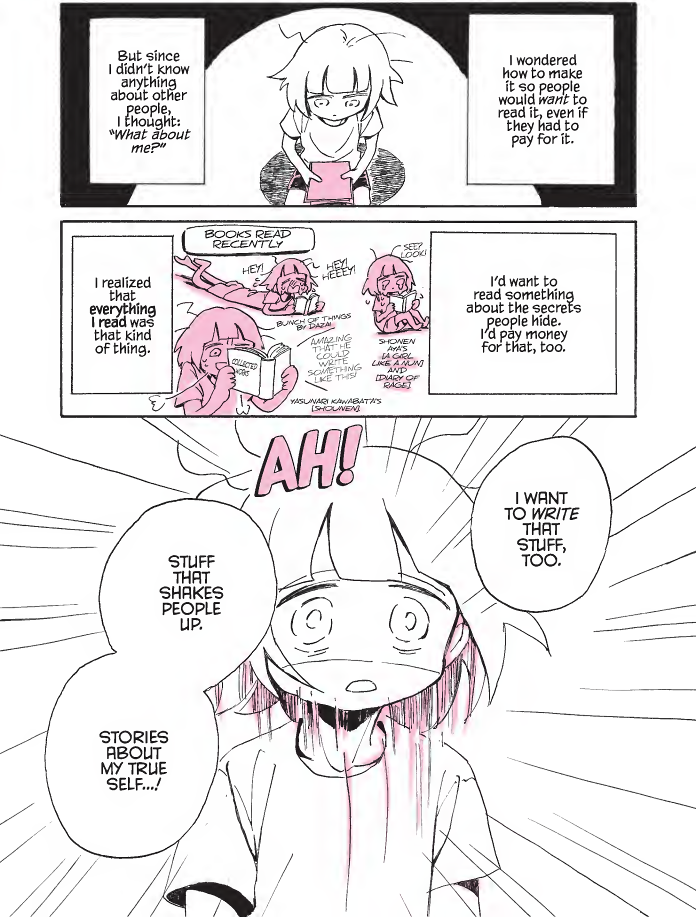


By the way, the sex was *nothing* like an erotic doujinshi.
And now that I think about it with a clear head, the erotic doujinshi I'd used as reference had been man x man-- so of course things wouldn't end up like that.
Had I **actually** been looking for the eroticism of the yaoi-hole fantasy?
WHAT IS THE YAOI HOLE?
• A MYSTERIOUS ORGAN IN MUCH OF BL (BOYS' LOVE) THAT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE ANUS IN POSITION, SHAPE, OR FUNCTION.
WHEN THEY BONE, STUFF GOES IN, IT GETS WET, ETC. HIGH PERFORMANCE.
Had I been seeking something I could never get with my body? Something that didn't even exist in reality?
I realized I'd never read any works with girl x girl sex.
!!
WHOA!
WHY NOT...?!
DERIVATIVE WORK
BL
Rather than boy x girl or girl x girl, I only had the completely unrelated boy x boy.
SACRED GROUND
Since I'd resisted thinking about sexual things, maybe boy x boy had been the only erotica I'd been able to accept.

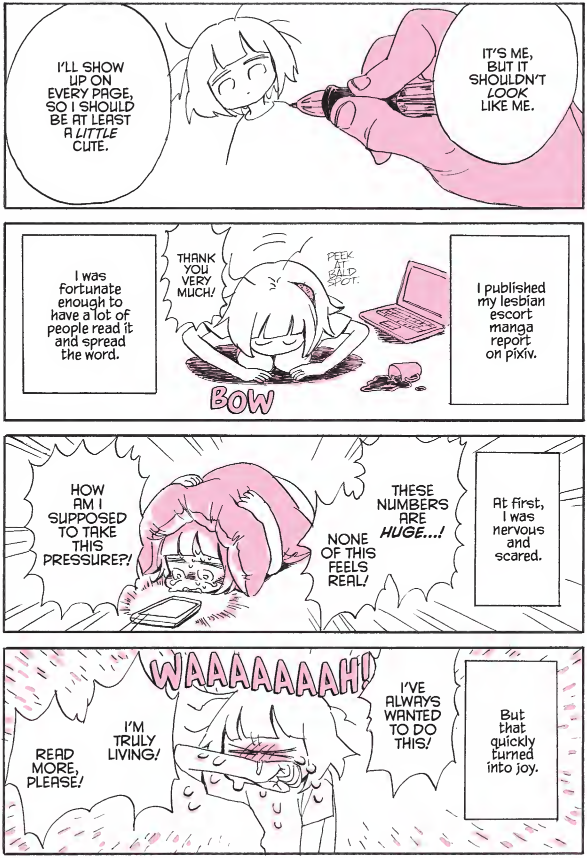


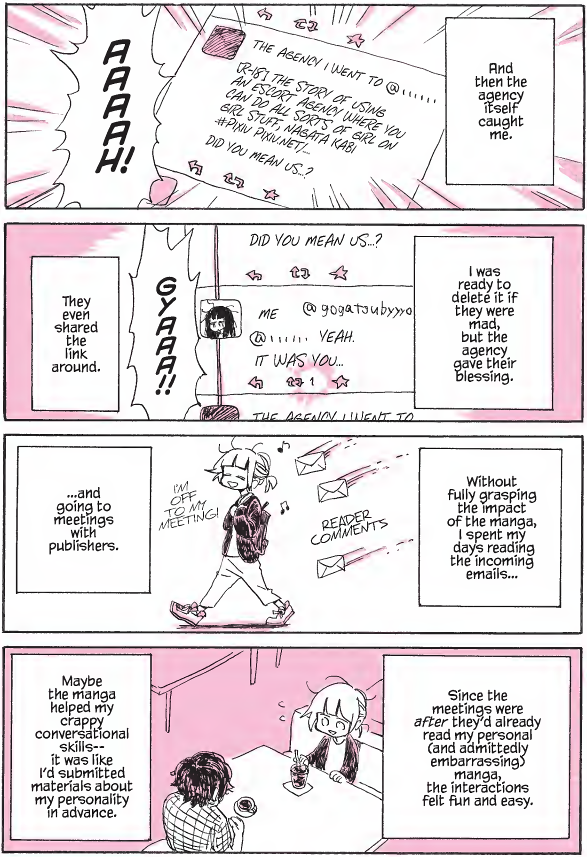
I didn't think I'd been *that* influenced by those works.
HUH? THAT TECHNIQUE.
MANGA
ISN'T THAT IMPOSSIBLE...?
But maybe it had had an effect on me as my only point of reference, and that had led to hurting my partner.
The problem was that I didn't know anything *other* than the sex in that kind of fiction.
CREATIVE WORK
INPUT
CORRECT INFORMATION
It's weird to learn about your own life and bodily functions through nothing but fantasy.
Sometimes I think that if I were a guy, surrounded by this insufficient education and tons of fantasy sex...
WHAT?! THIS IS *TOTALLY* DIFFERENT FROM WHAT I THOUGHT!!
......
HOW CRUEL!!
...I'd be seriously shocked when I learned about women.
I'm repeating myself here, but the problem isn't the stuff in fiction.
HEALTH & PHYSICAL EDUCATION
SCHOOLS ARE SO AFRAID OF "WAKING UP AN INNOCENT CHILD."
BUT, HELLO, SHE'S ALREADY AWAKE!
It's the fact that we're never given the *correct* information.

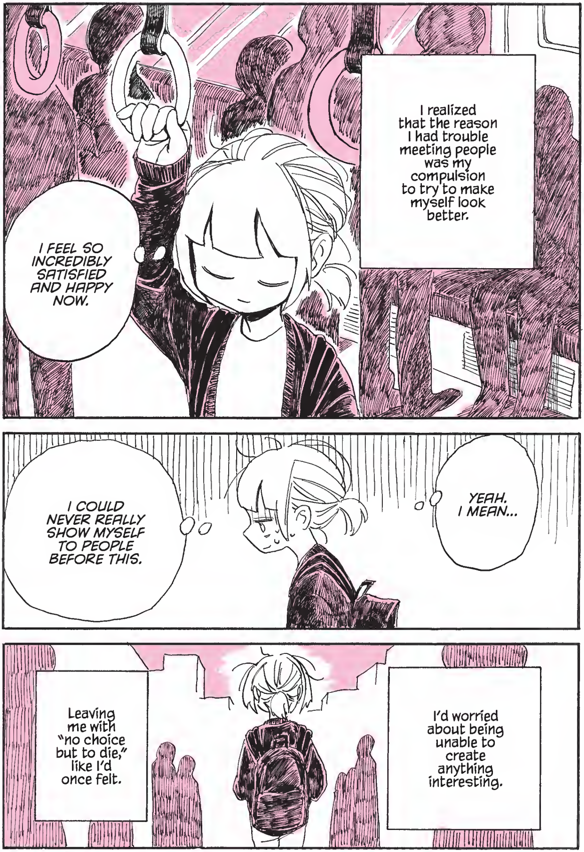

And then, as the days went by...
REALITY
STIFF
I realized that, for some reason, my memories were transforming.
RIGHT. JUST *DOING IT* IS SEXY AND LUSCIOUS.
THAT IN ITSELF IS LIKE AN EROTIC DOUJINSHI.
EXCLUDING MY REACTION...
I HAVE TO WRITE IT DOWN BEFORE MY BRAIN DRESSES IT UP INTO SOMETHING ELSE!!
GAH!
Before even going, I'd considered drawing a manga about it.
I was working on something for a magazine at the time.
I TRIED TO DRAW NEATLY, BUT IT'S A *MESS.*
AND THIS STORY ISN'T INTERESTING. I CAN'T CREATE CHARACTERS, EITHER.
I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP ON THIS, RIGHT?

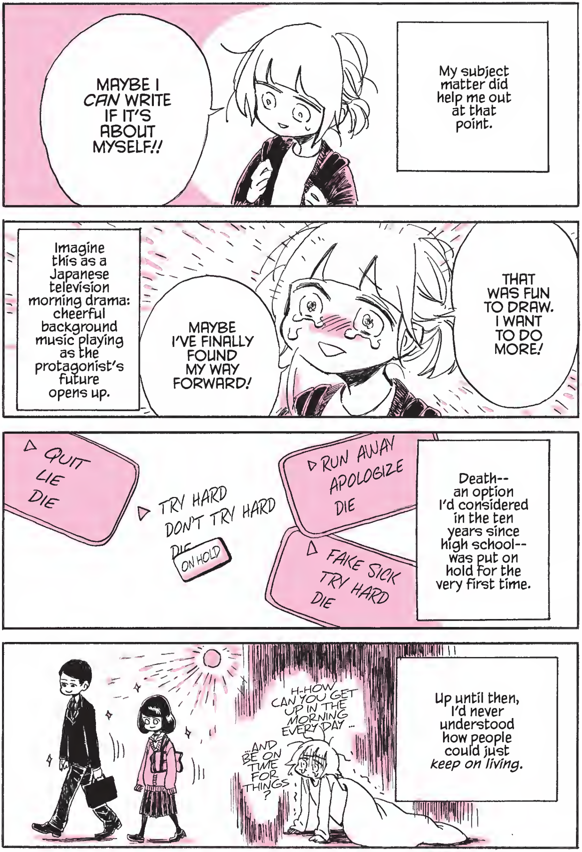


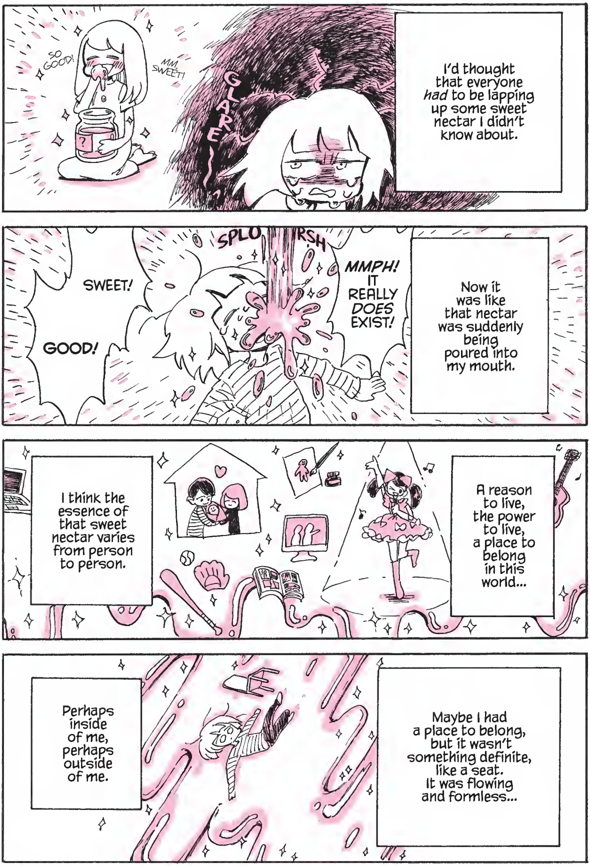
But since I didn't know anything about other people, I thought: *"What about me?"*
I wondered how to make it so people would *want* to read it, even if they had to pay for it.
I realized that **everything I read** was that kind of thing.
BOOKS READ RECENTLY
HEY!
HEY! HEEEY!
SEE? LOOK!
BUNCH OF THINGS BY DAZAI
COLLECTED WORKS
AMAZING THAT HE COULD WRITE SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
YASUNARI KAWABATA'S [SHOUNEN]
SHONEN AYA'S [A GIRL LIKE A NUN] AND [DIARY OF RAGE]
I'd want to read something about the secrets people hide. I'd pay money for that, too.
AH!
I WANT TO *WRITE* THAT STUFF, TOO.
STUFF THAT SHAKES PEOPLE UP.
STORIES ABOUT MY TRUE SELF...!

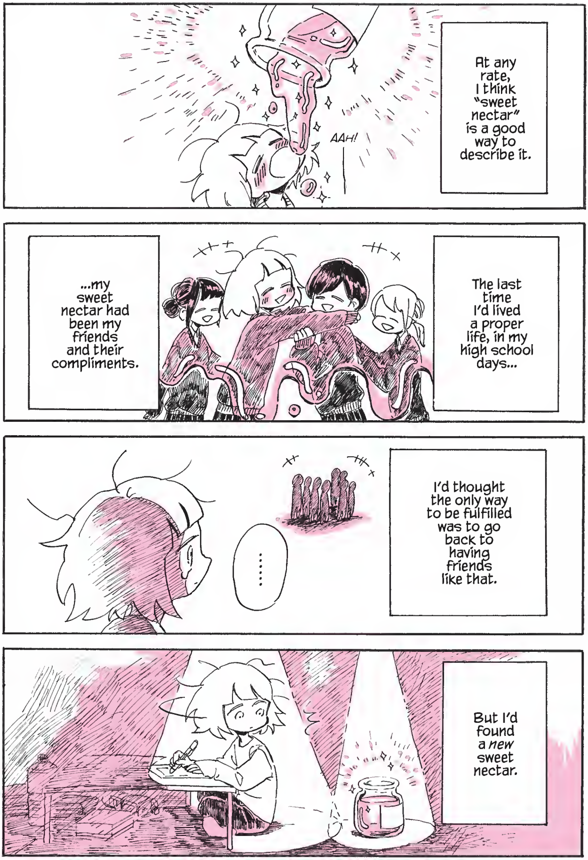

IT'S ME, BUT IT SHOULDN'T *LOOK* LIKE ME.
I'LL SHOW UP ON EVERY PAGE, SO I SHOULD BE AT LEAST A *LITTLE* CUTE.
I published my lesbian escort manga report on pixiv.
PEEK AT BALD SPOT.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
BOW
I was fortunate enough to have a lot of people read it and spread the word.
At first, I was nervous and scared.
THESE NUMBERS ARE *HUGE...!*
NONE OF THIS FEELS REAL!
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO TAKE THIS PRESSURE?!
But that quickly turned into joy.
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS!
WAAAAAAAAH!
I'M TRULY LIVING!
READ MORE, PLEASE!


And then the agency itself caught me.
THE AGENCY I WENT TO @......
[R-18] THE STORY OF USING AN ESCORT AGENCY WHERE YOU CAN DO ALL SORTS OF GIRL ON GIRL STUFF, NAGATA KABI #PIXIV PIXIV.NET/...
DID YOU MEAN US...?
AAAAAH!
I was ready to delete it if they were mad, but the agency gave their blessing.
DID YOU MEAN US...?
ME @gogatsubyyyo
@...... YEAH. IT WAS YOU...
THE AGENCY I WENT TO
GYAAAA!!
They even shared the link around.
Without fully grasping the impact of the manga, I spent my days reading the incoming emails...
READER COMMENTS
I'M OFF TO MY MEETING!
...and going to meetings with publishers.
Since the meetings were *after* they'd already read my personal (and admittedly embarrassing) manga, the interactions felt fun and easy.
Maybe the manga helped my crappy conversational skills-- it was like I'd submitted materials about my personality in advance.

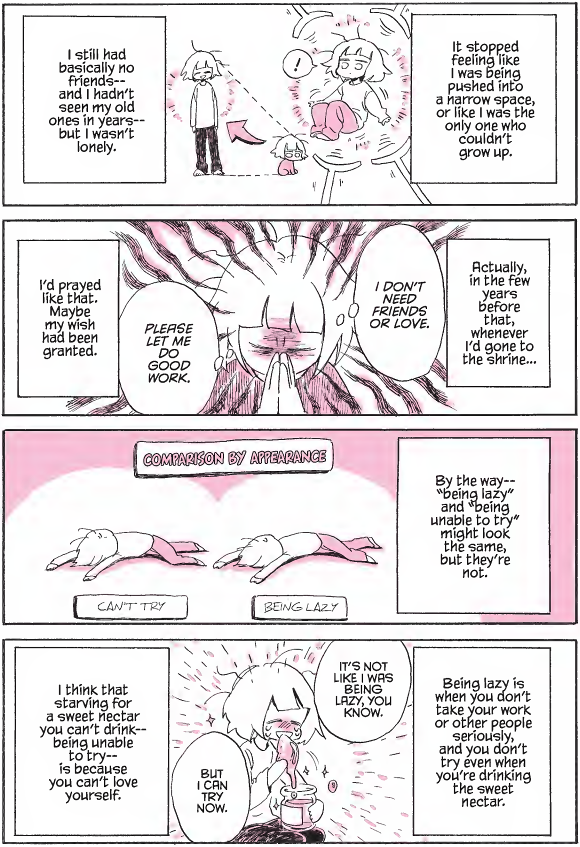

I realized that the reason I had trouble meeting people was my compulsion to try to make myself look better.
I FEEL SO INCREDIBLY SATISFIED AND HAPPY NOW.
YEAH. I MEAN...
I COULD NEVER REALLY SHOW MYSELF TO PEOPLE BEFORE THIS.
I'd worried about being unable to create anything interesting.
Leaving me with "no choice but to die," like I'd once felt.


My subject matter did help me out at that point.
MAYBE I *CAN* WRITE IF IT'S ABOUT MYSELF!!
THAT WAS FUN TO DRAW. I WANT TO DO MORE!
MAYBE I'VE FINALLY FOUND MY WAY FORWARD!
Imagine this as a Japanese television morning drama: cheerful background music playing as the protagonist's future opens up.
Death--an option I'd considered in the ten years since high school--was put on hold for the very first time.
▷ RUN AWAY APOLOGIZE DIE
▷ FAKE SICK TRY HARD DIE
▷ TRY HARD DON'T TRY HARD DIE
ON HOLD
▷ QUIT LIE DIE
Up until then, I'd never understood how people could just *keep on living.*
H-HOW CAN YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING EVERY DAY ...
...AND BE ON TIME FOR THINGS ?

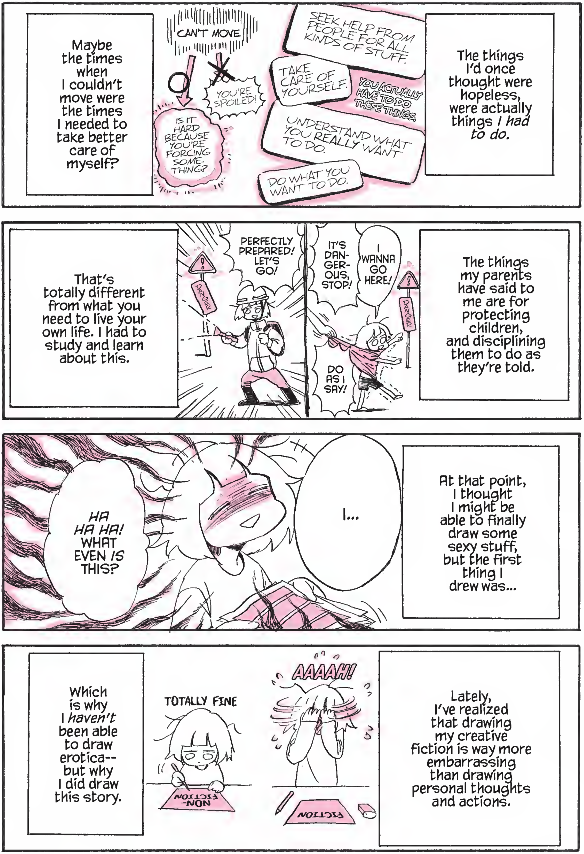

SO GOOD!
MM, SWEET!
GLARE
I'd thought that everyone *had* to be lapping up some sweet nectar I didn't know about.
SPLORSH
MMPH! IT REALLY *DOES* EXIST!
SWEET!
GOOD!
Now it was like that nectar was suddenly being poured into my mouth.
I think the essence of that sweet nectar varies from person to person.
A reason to live, the power to live, a place to belong in this world...
Perhaps inside of me, perhaps outside of me.
Maybe I had a place to belong, but it wasn't something definite, like a seat. It was flowing and formless...

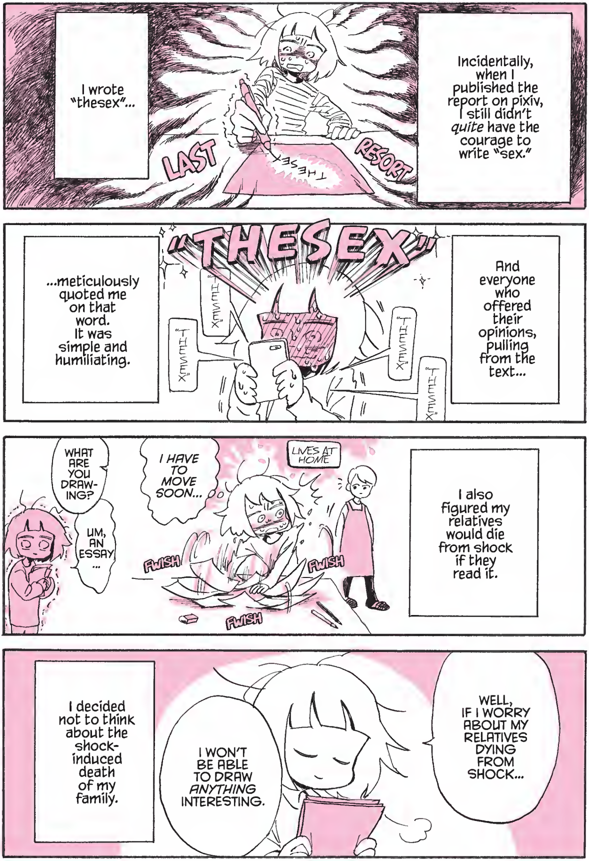

At any rate, I think "sweet nectar" is a good way to describe it.
AAH!
The last time I'd lived a proper life, in my high school days...
...my sweet nectar had been my friends and their compliments.
I'd thought the only way to be fulfilled was to go back to having friends like that.
......
But I'd found a *new* sweet nectar.


All the people who pass my work on even further...
Having something with feedback to write about, having so many people look at what I draw...
Transmitting my signal, having people receive it, being recognized by people.
I think I know how to fill up my heart now.
And being treated like an adult was a sweet nectar like a **drug**.
LIKE I'M A REAL GROWN-UP!!!
MEETING
EMPTY
MENU
FLAP
OH!
WANT TO ORDER SOME-THING?
And at that point, I didn't have to push my work out into the world. The (publishing) world came to me.



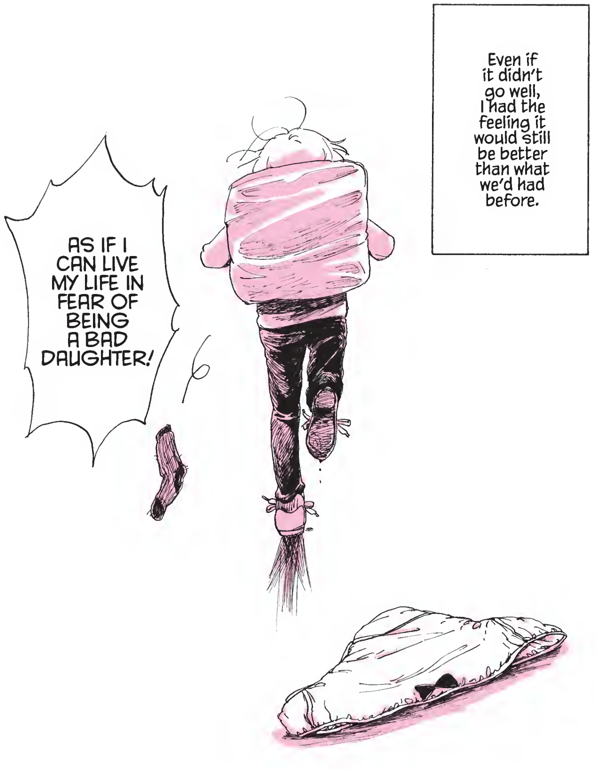
I still had basically no friends-- and I hadn't seen my old ones in years-- but I wasn't lonely.
!
It stopped feeling like I was being pushed into a narrow space, or like I was the only one who couldn't grow up.
Actually, in the few years before that, whenever I'd gone to the shrine...
I DON'T NEED FRIENDS OR LOVE.
PLEASE LET ME DO GOOD WORK.
I'd prayed like that. Maybe my wish had been granted.
By the way-- "being lazy" and "being unable to try" might look the same, but they're not.
COMPARISON BY APPEARANCE
BEING LAZY
CAN'T TRY
Being lazy is when you don't take your work or other people seriously, and you don't try even when you're drinking the sweet nectar.
IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS BEING LAZY, YOU KNOW.
BUT I CAN TRY NOW.
I think that starving for a sweet nectar you can't drink-- being unable to try-- is because you can't love yourself.


Maybe the times when I couldn't move were the times I needed to take better care of myself?
CAN'T MOVE
YOU'RE SPOILED!
IS IT HARD BECAUSE YOU'RE FORCING SOMETHING?
SEEK HELP FROM PEOPLE FOR ALL KINDS OF STUFF.
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
YOU ACTUALLY HAVE TO DO THESE THINGS.
UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU REALLY WANT TO DO.
DO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO.
The things I'd once thought were hopeless, were actually things *I had to do.*
That's totally different from what you need to live your own life. I had to study and learn about this.
DANGER
PERFECTLY PREPARED! LET'S GO!
IT'S DANGEROUS, STOP!
I WANNA GO HERE!
DO AS I SAY!
DANGER
The things my parents have said to me are for protecting children, and disciplining them to do as they're told.
HA HA HA! WHAT EVEN *IS* THIS?
I...
At that point, I thought I might be able to finally draw some sexy stuff, but the first thing I drew was...
Which is why I *haven't* been able to draw erotica--but why I did draw this story.
TOTALLY FINE
NON-FICTION
AAAAH!
FICTION
Lately, I've realized that drawing my creative fiction is way more embarrassing than drawing personal thoughts and actions.

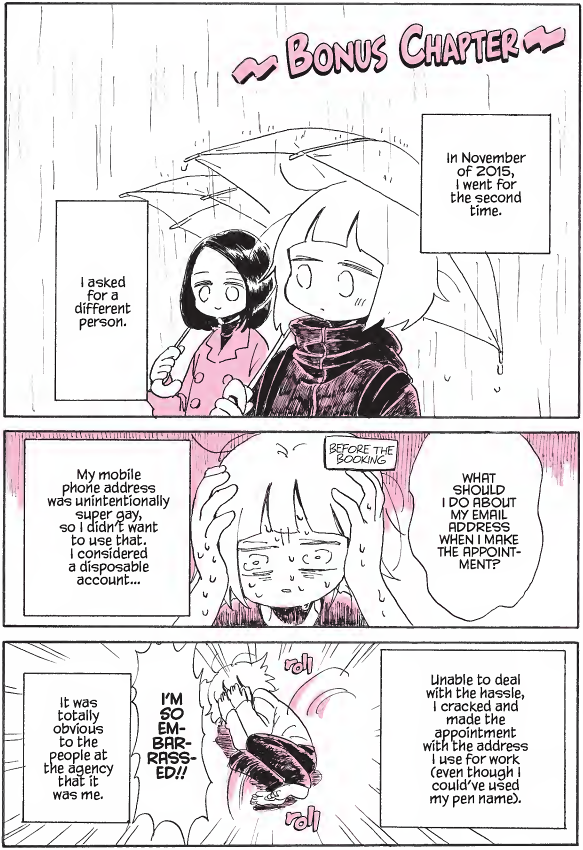


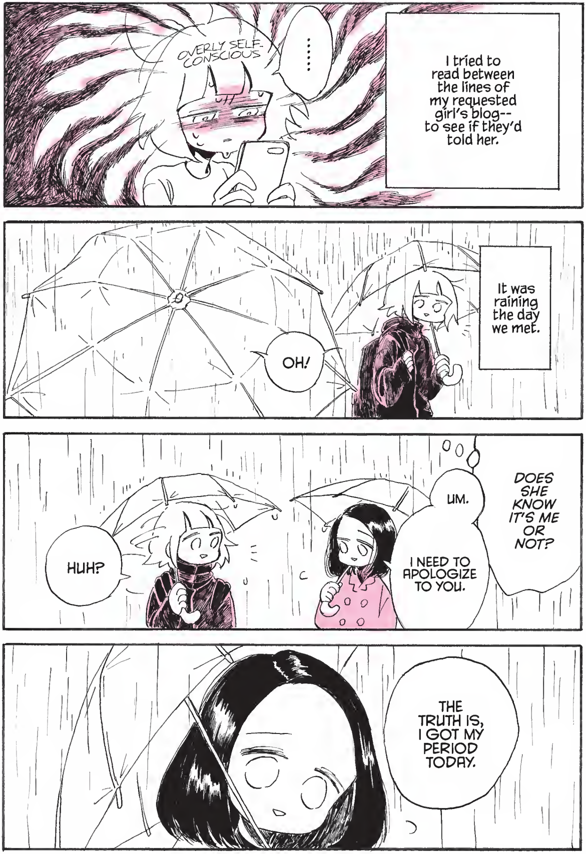
Incidentally, when I published the report on pixiv, I still didn't *quite* have the courage to write "sex."
LAST RESORT
THESEX
I wrote "thesex"...
"THESEX"
And everyone who offered their opinions, pulling from the text...
"THESEX"
"THESEX"
"THESEX"
"THESEX"
...meticulously quoted me on that word. It was simple and humiliating.
I also figured my relatives would die from shock if they read it.
LIVES AT HOME
I HAVE TO MOVE SOON...
FWISH
FWISH
FWISH
WHAT ARE YOU DRAWING?
UM, AN ESSAY...
WELL, IF I WORRY ABOUT MY RELATIVES DYING FROM SHOCK...
I WON'T BE ABLE TO DRAW *ANYTHING* INTERESTING.
I decided not to think about the shock-induced death of my family.

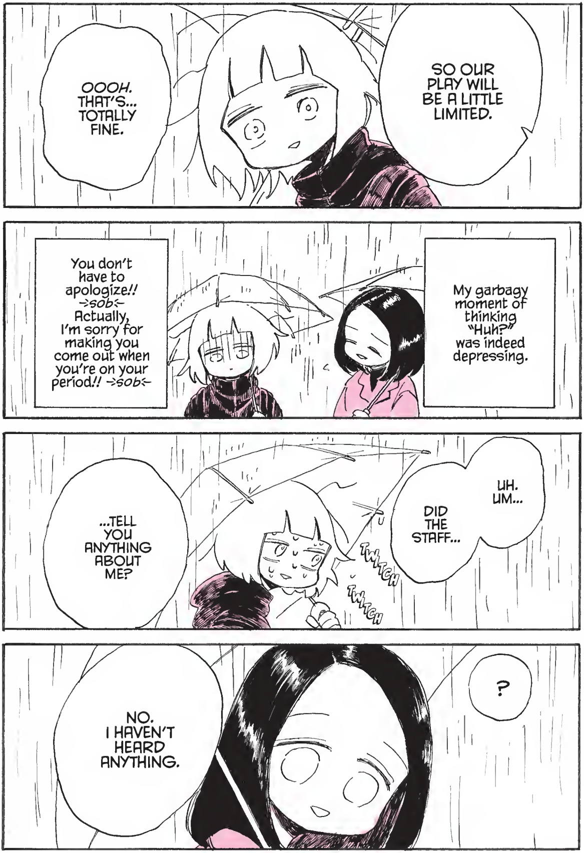

I also recently realized that becoming the adult my parents wanted me to be ***was on an entirely different path*** from becoming the adult I wanted to be--and it had always been that way.
PARENTS' IDEA OF A PERFECT ADULT
HAS A FAMILY.
HAS A STEADY JOB.
STABLE INCOME.
ADULT I WANT TO BE
MORE THAN HAVING A FAMILY.
DOING WHAT I WANT TO DO AND HAVING THAT ACCEPTED BY SOCIETY.
(WON'T NECESSARILY HAVE STABLE INCOME.)
So, for me to draw my own works as myself...
GIVE IT UP ALREADY.
ME > PARENTS
PAT
WANTS TO PLEASE PARENTS
...I would have to stop trying to please my parents, and avoid all the misplaced effort that caused.
A cornered rat will bite a cat, and a thirtyish woman backed into a corner will go to an escort agency and publish a report on it.
HOTEL
HOTEL
THIS...
MIGHT BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.
UPSY DAISY!
LUGGAGE
I wanted my parents to see that and get upset, so I could leave their house and be independent.


Even if it didn't go well, I had the feeling it would still be better than what we'd had before.
AS IF I CAN LIVE MY LIFE IN FEAR OF BEING A BAD DAUGHTER!

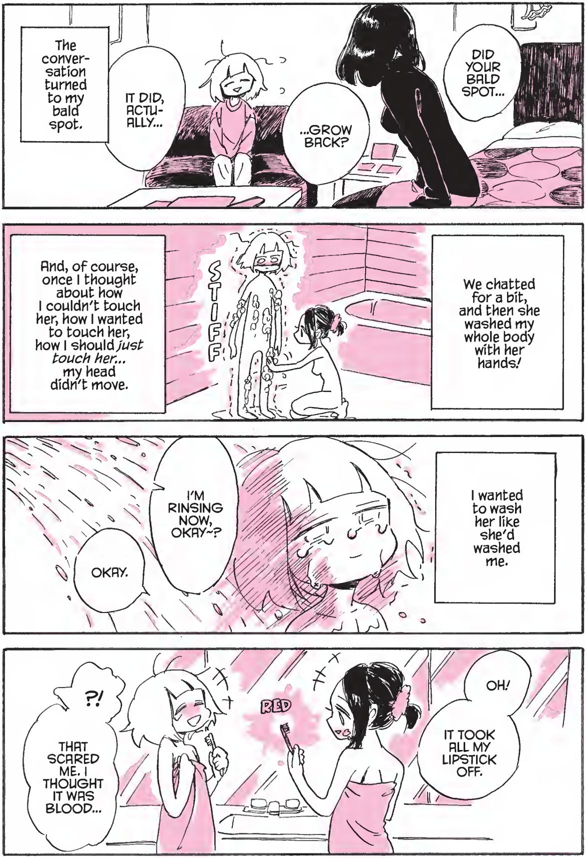
My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness


~Bonus Chapter~
In November of 2015, I went for the second time.
I asked for a different person.
BEFORE THE BOOKING
WHAT SHOULD I DO ABOUT MY EMAIL ADDRESS WHEN I MAKE THE APPOINTMENT?
My mobile phone address was unintentionally super gay, so I didn't want to use that. I considered a disposable account...
Unable to deal with the hassle, I cracked and made the appointment with the address I use for work (even though I could've used my pen name).
roll
roll
I'M SO EMBARRASSED!!
It was totally obvious to the people at the agency that it was me.

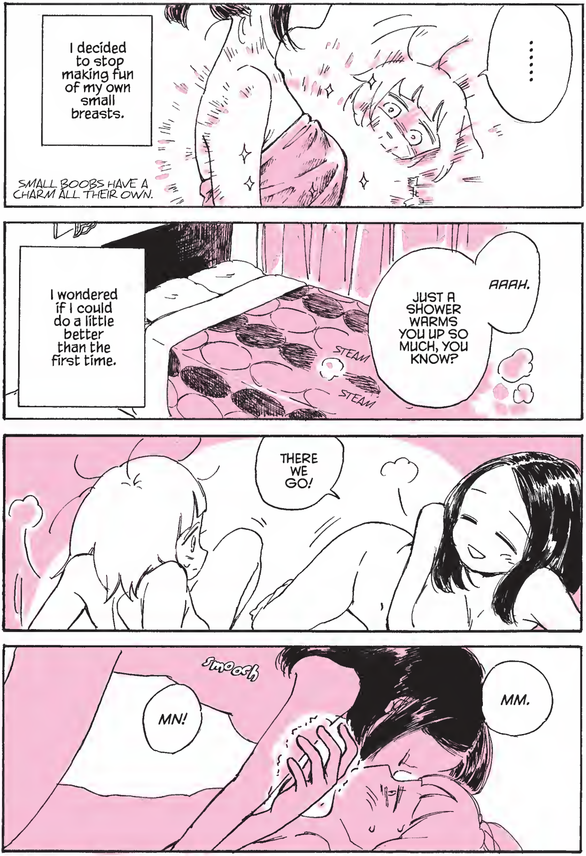

OVERLY SELF-CONSCIOUS
......
I tried to read between the lines of my requested girl's blog--to see if they'd told her.
It was raining the day we met.
OH!
HUH?
UM.
I NEED TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU.
DOES SHE KNOW IT'S ME OR NOT?
THE TRUTH IS, I GOT MY PERIOD TODAY.


SO OUR PLAY WILL BE A LITTLE LIMITED.
OOOH. THAT'S... TOTALLY FINE.
My garbagy moment of thinking "Huh?" was indeed depressing.
You don't have to apologize!! ⇢sob⇠ Actually, I'm sorry for making you come out when you're on your period!! ⇢sob⇠
UH. UM...
DID THE STAFF...
TWITCH
TWITCH
...TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT ME?
?
NO. I HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING.


OH! OH.
THEN IT'S FINE. PLEASE FORGET IT.
WHAT?! WHAT IS IT?!
THEY DIDN'T TELL HER.
OH...
ARE YOU THAT MANGA PERSON?
I SHOULD HAVE KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT.
FOOT, MEET MOUTH.
WAAAAAAH! I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ANYTHING...
WELL, YOU SAID "ANYTHING," AND THAT'S THE ONLY THING IT COULD BE, RIGHT?
By the way, our room was so different from the picture on the touch panel that we were baffled.
IS THIS THE WRONG ROOM ?!
SO PLAIN!
HUH ?!
IS THIS REALLY THE RIGHT PLACE?!
A PATTERN LIKE SOMEONE'S FUTON COVER AT HOME.
Am I cursed to a life of the simplest rooms?

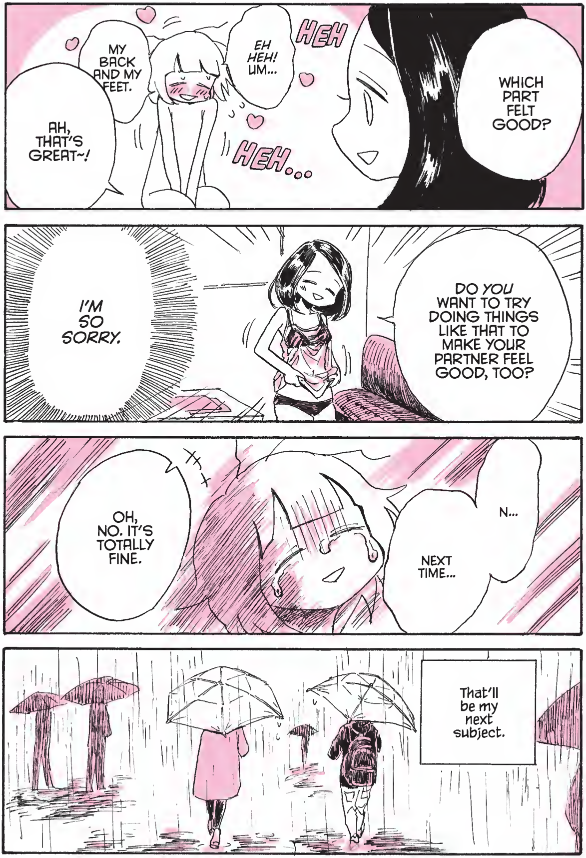


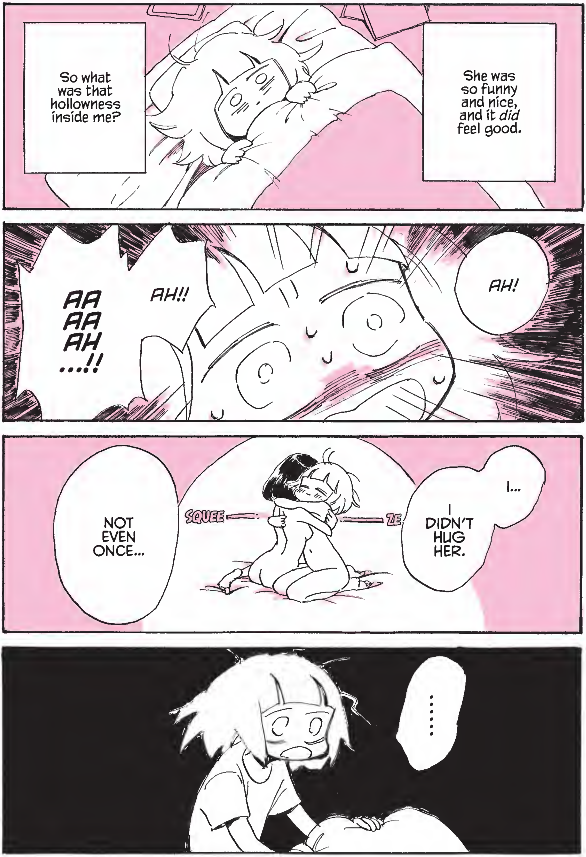
DID YOUR BALD SPOT...
...GROW BACK?
IT DID, ACTU-ALLY...
The conver-sation turned to my bald spot.
We chatted for a bit, and then she washed my whole body with her hands!
STIFF
And, of course, once I thought about how I couldn't touch her, how I wanted to touch her, how I should *just touch her...* my head didn't move.
I wanted to wash her like she'd washed me.
I'M RINSING NOW, OKAY~?
OKAY.
OH!
IT TOOK ALL MY LIPSTICK OFF.
RED
?!
THAT SCARED ME. I THOUGHT IT WAS BLOOD...


I decided to stop making fun of my own small breasts.
......
SMALL BOOBS HAVE A CHARM ALL THEIR OWN.
I wondered if I could do a little better than the first time.
AAAH.
JUST A SHOWER WARMS YOU UP SO MUCH, YOU KNOW?
STEAM
STEAM
THERE WE GO!
smooch
MM.
MN!



I basically managed to touch her hand and her breasts and her back.
AGH! WHY CAN'T I TOUCH LIKE THIS? WHY?!
MY HANDS ARE ALL LIMP!
Even though she touched me everywhere, there was a chasm between our bodies.
......
Even though I *wanted* to touch more.
I'd chosen a seventy-minute session this time, so it was over in the blink of an eye.
OH!


WHICH PART FELT GOOD?
HEH
EH HEH! UM...
HEH...
MY BACK AND MY FEET.
AH, THAT'S GREAT~!
DO *YOU* WANT TO TRY DOING THINGS LIKE THAT TO MAKE YOUR PARTNER FEEL GOOD, TOO?
I'M SO SORRY.
N...
NEXT TIME...
OH, NO. IT'S TOTALLY FINE.
That'll be my next subject.


She was so funny and nice, and it *did* feel good.
So what was that hollowness inside me?
AH!
AH!!
AAAAAH...!!
I...
I DIDN'T HUG HER.
SQUEE—ZE
NOT EVEN ONCE...
......


HUG...
HUG...
SOB SOB SOB
HUG...
.....
FLOP
BUT NEXT TIME, FOR SURE...!
Being held by someone was as hard as ever.
Every time I see the words "amateur virgin," it's a shot to the heart.
SOMEONE WHOSE ONLY SEXUAL EXPERIENCE IS WITH SEX WORKERS.
It looks like *this* is still my life for now... and I'll keep living it.
~ BONUS CHAPTER: END ~

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

(true) story & art by NAGATA KABI

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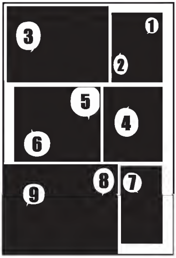
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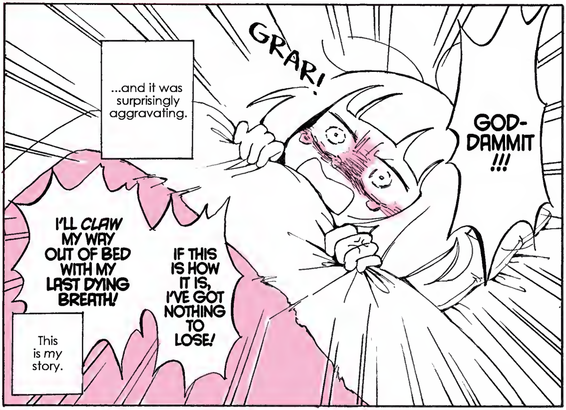
READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from ***right to left***, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!



Seven Seas
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28 years old.
No confidence.
No direction.
Never had sex...



The candid tell-all of a young woman's struggles with depression and sexuality that has taken the internet by storm!

OLDER TEEN (16+)

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